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VOLUME 22 NUMBER 1

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Two Number One

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A New Year's pledge to all our readers: never more will we stagger in from the Duke of Wellington, pissed, at four o'clock to put together half-hearted gags for our pathetic features pages. Never more will we go back there again at five thirty to get even more arseholed. In fact, the staff of Club International will never get horrendously drunk in the Wellie again.

This is because we've changed our pub. We are now going to get pissed in the Admiral instead.

We are boycotting the Wellie because of the insulting and unreasonable behaviour of the bar staff. I mean, just because you decide to demonstrate Ray Wilkins' blinding goal for QPR earlier this season by clearing half the pub, using the bar as a goal and booting a pint glass into the top left hand corner, that shouldn't annoy people, should it? I mean, we are regulars. Or rather were.

No, the breaking point came when one of the charming bar staff (dressed of course in mandatory black polyester trousers and tight white nylon shirt) threatened to punch out Bill the Freelancer. Now you don't know Bill – or I suppose you might, he's got a lot of dubious friends – but assuming you don't, he's one of the most charming, placid, peaceable blokes you could meet. So we were quite surprised when he took a bar stool and forced it down the barman's throat. We felt we wouldn't be welcome after that, somehow.

It's a funny feeling, though. Changing your pub is a bit like changing your football team or your religion: you

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Emma

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feel like a traitor, but a little bit grateful at the same time. I mean, it's not my fault I was born a Catholic, and it's certainly not my fault I was fooled into supporting Spurs at a young and impressionable age. God knows I've paid for it since.

Anyway, the Admiral is a lot smaller than the Wellie, the Guinness isn't as good, the music's just as bad, and of course the bar staff are Australian again. So why the hell did we choose the Admiral? We don't know, but we're drinking about it.♣

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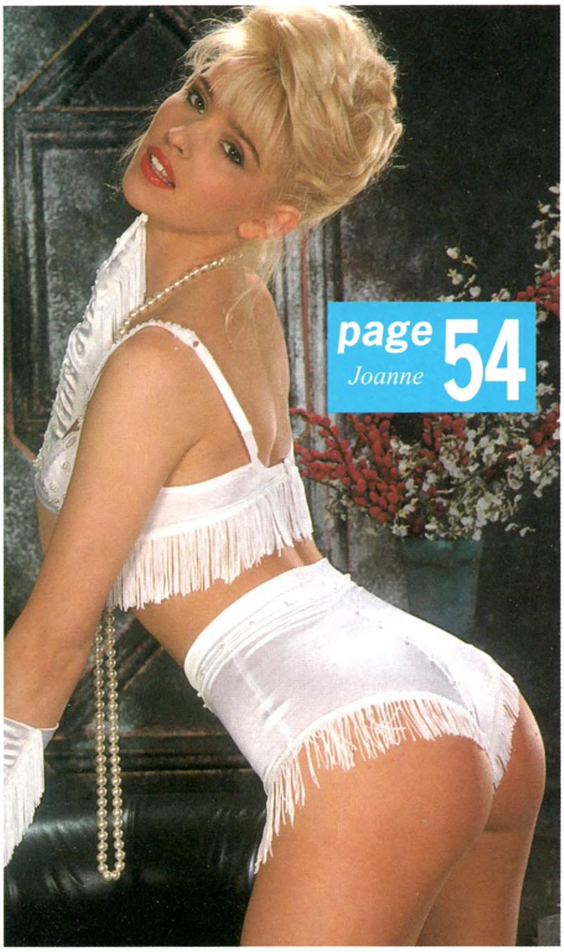
Danielle



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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Word Imperfect

I've been reading Club for a year now, and I wouldn't miss an issue of your fine and throbbing organ. However, I do have a question.

You are always telling us how crap your writers are. When I've read your sports column it has been completely out of date (I noticed that you suggested Brian Clough for the England job just as Nottingham Forest hit the bottom of the table), and your new pop column is just boring. The so-called jokey bits aren't in the least bit funny either.

My question is this: why in God's name don't you drop all this crap and use the space to print even more pictures of beautiful girls? You know they're the best in the world, and your articles are the worst. So what's stopping you? *– Chris, Farnborough*

Well, I'd have to sack all the sub-editors, and then who'd buy my drinks at the pub? – The Editor

All For One

I've been married for a year to Darren, but already have done the unthinkable and been unfaithful. The thing is, if I don't tell someone about it I'll end up telling him!

Darren was away on business again and, sick of being stuck in for another Saturday night, I went to a friend's party.

There was this good-looking guy there called Frank, and we spent most of the evening chatting. He was tall and blond, and I must admit I was getting turned on by all his attentions. But the time came for me to leave and I went up to the bedroom to get my coat.

I was just buttoning it up when I heard the door behind me open and Frank walked in. We just stood there looking at each other as he came closer.

"May I give you a kiss before you go?" he asked. I nodded as he put his arms around me and we kissed. I found myself getting very worked up, especially when I began to feel the shape of his cock pushing against me.

The next thing I realised my hands were wandering all over his flies, unzipping him and working his penis out as he was squeezing my breasts. Suddenly, I found myself handling the biggest cock I had ever seen! It was very long, and as I ran my fingers up and down its shaft I started getting very aroused imagining it inside me.

Soon I could feel the tension in his rock hard erection, and as his breath quickened I knew he couldn't last long. Sure enough, he groaned and began to spurt over me. I had only just managed to wipe the worst of the spunk off when my friend came in to look for me as she was giving me a lift home.

Well, that event, plus the size of Frank's cock, stayed in my mind, but little did I know there was an even more memorable experience about to happen!

About a week later I bumped into Frank in a local bar. We started chatting, and I confessed that the scene at the party had got me pretty turned on. He was with three mates, Graham, Simon, and Ken, and said they were about to go back to his for a coffee and asked if I'd like to come too.

I said I'd love to, and saying goodbye to my girlfriends, left with the boys. Within ten minutes we were back at his flat. The others went into the kitchen to make the coffee while Frank led me into the bedroom.

We began kissing at once, and I remember being very excited. I tried to remember I was a married woman, but the sensation of his cock rubbing against me was too much. Then he guided me to the bed and as I lay with my thighs apart, he unzipped my skirt and pulled my knickers to the floor.

His hands went to my vulva, and I was so wet it was impossible for him to keep his searching fingers out. And as he knelt between my legs I took his cock in my hands. It felt fantastic and I started to wank it, pushing the foreskin back to see the smooth head.

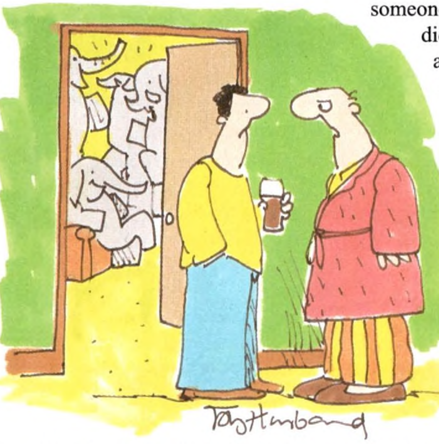
"That'll never fit inside me!" I whispered, but he eased his body up mine till I felt his tip nudging my cunt lips. But I was dripping by now, and he slipped into me, stretching my cunt walls.

I started moaning, begging him to fuck me. He responded by screwing me fast, and within a minute I felt faint as an orgasm swept over me. I felt his organ expand even more as he came, thrusting into my body with that thick pole of his.

I was just opening my eyes to see the last tremors of Frank's orgasm ripple through him when suddenly the door opened and Graham walked in.

"Ooops, sorry! I heard someone scream, and, er, I didn't know if you were alright! But it looks like you are..." I must have been delirious, because I heard myself call out, "No, it's okay. You can stay."

Then Frank rolled off me, and I had a clear view of Graham as he stared at my bare cunt. I could also see the stiff shape in his trousers. Still in my daze, I saw him walk towards me and undo his zip. His cock wasn't as big as Frank's, but it was still attractive enough for me to reach up and take it in my hand. I wanked him for a bit,



"Can you keep the noise down? Sounds like you've got a herd of elephants in there..."

THE FINAL GALLERY

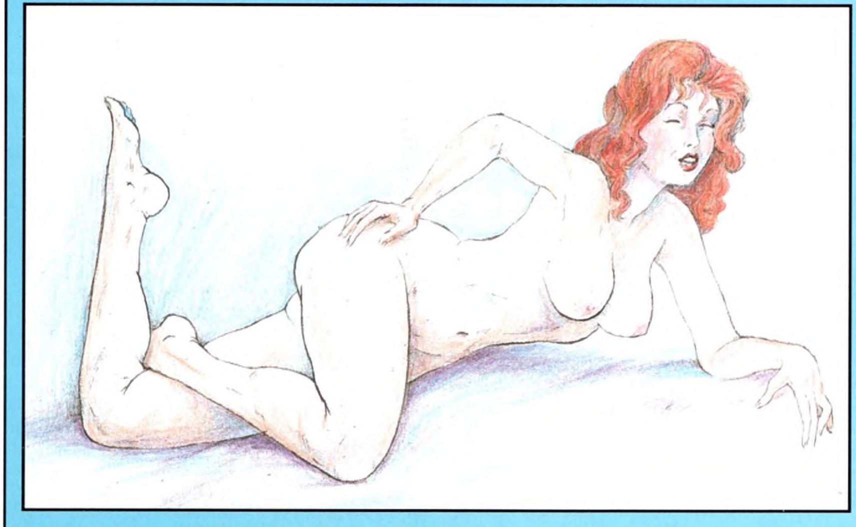
This is absolutely, utterly and certainly the last Gallery section to appear in Club. We know you've been bored with it for months, and despite not having any new ideas to replace it we've finally admitted defeat.

Our last drawing comes from F V Harper of Warwickshire, who claims to be Scottish. But then he also claims to be eight foot tall. An outspoken chap is Mr Harper. "I enclose some artwork for your struggling Gallery section," he writes. "I think it deserves half a page to itself to allow your puny readers to appreciate its quality.

"By the way, if you really don't like artworks submitted, why don't you stop running them instead of bitching to us, your devoted readership. Well, not quite *readership* – I like the piccies, but your text would insult a deranged subnormal orang-utan."

Of course, he's right on both counts. We should stop running crap drawings like this, so we're going to. And the text in Club is indeed utterly useless, but the designers insist we have some type in the magazine so they can ponce about with it pretending they're Neville Brody. Nobody said you had to read it, though. Just go straight to the girls. That's what we do.

Mr Harper says his drawing is supposed to be Lucy. She reckons it looks nothing like her, and we agree. So stick that in your airbrush and suck, you Scots git. ♣



then he got in between my thighs and I felt his cock rub against my cunt lips.

It felt fantastic to have another cock in me, and we began to fuck, leaving Frank to get his breath back. Just as I felt another climax approaching, I realised the two other lads, Simon and Ken, had come into the room and were watching us.

I'd gone too far to turn back now – and besides, I was in such a state that I wanted all the cocks I could get. In between Graham's thrusts I gasped out, "Do it to me, boys – all of you!" They seemed to get the message, because before I knew it Ken had his clothes off and his cock was pointing at my face. I drew its head towards my mouth and took it as far down my throat as I could.

Simon got on the bed and knelt over me, with his cock pushing between my breasts. Meanwhile, Frank had recovered from his first fuck and came over to stand by my head, his semi-hard cock even bigger than the others. I grabbed hold of it, and as Graham came to his climax in me I had two hard pricks in my hands, and was sucking them alternately.

Ken took his turn in my cunt next, and his cock felt wonderful as he started to fuck me with hard thrusts. With Frank's cock stretching my mouth to the limit and Simon riding my tits like there was no tomorrow, it was the best sex I'd ever had!

When I moaned through Frank's mouthful of cock that I was coming again it was too much for Simon: he spurted his come all over my tits. Then the other two turned me over onto all fours and swapped around; once again Frank's huge cock thrust into my sexhole from behind, while Ken fed his seven-incher into my mouth. They began to fuck me from both ends, building up a steady rhythm.

I was very conscious that the other two guys were watching me being penetrated by two cocks, and I was desperate to put on a show for them. So when Ken was finally unable to control himself any longer and I felt his cock jerk just before he came, I clamped my lips round his meat and wouldn't

continued on page 23

Rachel

Photographs by Michael Moore

If you've ever been to London, then the sight of randy Rachel here might be familiar. The stunning 20-year-old blonde makes her living doing guided tours of the capital on a double-decker bus. "It's not a bad job," she says. "I get to point out all my favourite

attractions. Trouble is, I seem to get more people staring at me than out of the window! So when a friend suggested I strip for Club, *I thought it was a great idea – people are undressing me with their eyes every day anyway, so why not give them the real thing?"* ♣

PLON
La grande guerre et la naissance de la modernité

PLON
Modris Eksteins
LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS

TOP OF THE FOPS

Shite lyrics, rock stars who must die and Sinead O'Connor. **James T Bone** hops around the hits.

It seems that last issue's crap lyrics spot went down pretty well, so here are some more for your masochistic earworks. Remember 70s crooner Dean Friedman's classic love-torn tale *Lucky Stars,* or *I Love You And I've Really Changed?* Well, Dean's girl is lying in bed having waited up all night for her errant chap. She's convinced he's been seeing some floozy called Lisa. The conversation goes like this:

"Did you see Lisa? / Yes, I saw Lisa / Is that why you're angry? / I wasn't angry / Not just a little?/ Well, maybe a little / Do you still love me? / Yes I still love you / Not just being nice? / No, not just being nice."

Then she goes on to tell him how it's not too late to get it on: "Well, I may not be all that bright but I know how to hold you tight." Listen love, as far as bright's concerned you're a spent light bulb, you should have ditched this loser years ago.

The 70s are fertile ground for this sort of stuff. Another offering comes from classic small mammal supergroup The Wombles: who could forget that chorus, "Remember-member-member-member what a womble-womble-womble you are." And in the same vein there's this profound statement, from slightly larger mammal veterans Status Quo: "I like it, I like it, I like it, I like it, I la la la like it, la la la like it." Well, we certainly don't.

Tune in next month for a reworking of that classic, *The Pina Colada Song*.

● Perusing a recent copy of *Smash Hits,* I came across an interview with one Marky Mark, younger brother of New Kids On The Block guru Donnie Wahlberg. Seeing as our Marky makes a living out of taking his shirt off and showing everyone his Calvin Klein underpants (he is now the official Calvin Klein pants person) it seemed a reasonable suggestion that he had would have much in common with that other flesh star, Madonna, and that he must have been very impressed with her book, *Sex.* Marky's response?: "I wouldn't even look at that shit, man. She looks like *Beetlejuice*!" Well, each to their own Marky.

Sinead O'Connor: bald, barmy and befuddled...

● It seems that Bjorn Again, those Australians who are convinced that they are Abba, lost more than just their memories when their helicopter crashed into a desert island three years ago. Band member Benny recently revealed that all four members of the band lost the instinct for sex too: "I am reading many books on the subject," reveals Benny, "about the holding of hands and the blowing in the ear. But each time I crack onto Frieda in this way she reacts with physical violence towards me."

Frieda added that Bjorn and Agnetha were also having trouble, the frustration leading to Agnetha hurling a clock radio from a hotel window recently. "It's funny," ponders Frieda, "because Agnetha is usually only throwing the herrings at Bjorn. He likes to catch them and smoke them." One seriously fucked up gathering of Australians.

● The response to our plea last month for rock stars who should be shot would have been enormous if loads of you had written in, but you didn't. Oh well. At least Billy Joel was nominated for being pseudy, crap and not half as clever as he thinks he is, which pleased me no end. Billy Ray Cyrus got a couple of votes, one for having the same name as Mr Joel (but that was mine) and the other for *Achy Breaky Heart*. And an imaginative reader suggested that Brian May should not in fact be shot, but should have marsupials thrust down his throat until he choked to death. This sounds like a good idea, but he would go down in history as the only rock star to die of a wallaby overdose and thus probably give him a cult following. So it's not.

Billy Ray Cyrus – the (complete) bastard son of Kenny Rogers?

Lords help us – ex-porn star Traci's new bed-fellows, The Manic Street Preachers

The modern man is beset by a crisis of self-examination. Everywhere he looks, fresh theories about how he should or shouldn't behave are brandished at him. Now, our probing quiz, specially prepared by **Candida Chippendale-Nippleshots**, editor of leading magazine GHQ (*Gentleman's Hindquarterly*), poses the crucial questions.

Is the New Man a myth? If so, is it all right to take the pith out of him? And what about the warrior element of masculinity? Is there a hairy wild man inside you? And if there is, isn't it about time the pair of you ran off to Brighton and opened a boutique together?

1) Your girlfriend is worried about her physical appearance. She asks you how you feel about her breasts. What do you reply?
a) I start at the bottom of your blouse and sort of work my way up in the direction of the nipples.
b) They're adorable. You know, I often think that if Hitler had breasts like yours World War Two would never have happened and *Thirtysomething* wouldn't have been axed by heartless TV bosses.
c) Call those breasts? They're more like bunions. In my day women had proper great bozongers with nipples you could hang your cap on.
d) Say nothing. Just hit her

● One pop star who's managed to get on just about everyone's nerves in the last year is Irish songstress, Sinead O'Connor. First she upset Frank Sinatra courtesy of what Ol' Blue Eyes saw as complete ingratitude towards an industry which has made her lots of dosh. Then she went on a crusade to piss everyone off every time she appeared on TV, offending people of various religious and spiritual faiths and eventually tearing up a picture of the Pope live on a US TV show.

She claims she's off to have babies now, but the young baldie will continue ardently campaigning on subjects she feels strongly about. From a secret source inside her coterie *(Ooh-er, missus – The Ed)* I can exclusively reveal her forthcoming plans.

quiz

ARE YOU A NEW MAN?

Another right-on quiz from Britain's most politically correct magazine.

over the head with a club and drag her back to your cave by the hair.

2) You've just got home from work and are sitting reading the paper when your girlfriend comes in and tells you she's got PMT. What do you do?
a) Grunt and mutter: "Well, you could've poured me one too, you lazy cow."
b) Roll up the paper, hand it to her and invite her to beat you senseless with it. While she's doing so, tell her you only wish men experienced the agony of menstruation as it would put an end to the crisis in Yugoslavia.
c) Make a loud tsking sound and then say: "PMT? You mean GMT. Honestly, modern education. In my day, you learned the Kings and Queens of England and if you didn't know it backwards you were flogged to death with a cat o'nine tails. And it never did me any harm."
d) Hit her over the head with a club then drag her back to your cave by the hair.

FISHING NEWS

3) Your girlfriend tells you she feels she needs to make your private life a bit hotter. She'd like to try fellatio. What do you say?
a) Okay, but just remember: "One swallow doesn't make a summer".
b) Tell her she doesn't have to change anything on your account because you've always felt that if sailors on whaling ships had a sex life half as fulfilling as yours then the Blue Whale would not now be an endangered species.
c) Don't do it love. I had plenty of that when I was in the Eighth Army and it always gave me the runs. Bloody dago grub's all the same.
d) Hit her over the head with a club and drag her back to your cave by the hair.

4) You and your girlfriend have an argument about the division of household jobs. She says men never clean the toilet. What do you do?
a) Shout: "Rubbish! I clean it every time I throw up in it."
b) Nod your head sadly and say: "Yes, and you know I find that a rather poignant metaphor for man's relationship with the environment."
c) Wag your finger at her and say, "If men never clean the toilets how come Monty's latrines were always so spotless, eh? You could eat your dinner out of them latrines. And sometimes you had to, 'cos we didn't have enough crockery to go round in those days. But we were happy."
d) Hit her over the head with a club and then drag her back to your cave by the hair.

5) Your girlfriend is taking an Open University course in psychology. She asks you what you think of Freud on the clitoris. What do you say?
a) Bloody crap. I hate those cookery programmes.
b) Absolutely ridiculous. The whole idea of penis envy amongst women is ludicrous. I often think that if Stalin and Eisenhower had had clitorises the Cold War would never have happened.
c) "Clitorises? When I was a youngster women didn't have clitorises. They had knitting. Nowadays it's just clitoris, clitoris, clitoris. No wonder you never see anyone wearing a balaclava these days."
d) Grunt, then hit her over the head with a club and drag her back to your cave by the hair.

ANSWERS

Mainly As: What a recidivist slob. You're the kind of man who thinks a woman is only there to satisfy two things – your belly and what hangs off it. The only reason you'd want to get in touch with the feminine side of your nature is to try and get a feel of your tits. You never clean up, you think the g-spot is a sports complex in Manchester and... goddamn, you're attractive.

Mainly Bs: Congratulations! You are a New Man. You're what every modern girl wants. You're soft, secure, help with your woman's problems and work hard to see she has the freedom she needs. All of which makes you sound a bit like an advert for sanitary towels minus the revolutionary new wings. Come to think of it, you're about as sexy as one too.

Mainly Cs: Some confusion here: you're not a New Man at all, you're an old man. Around 83 by the sound of it. Put this magazine down and go back to the bowls club, there's a good chap.

Mainly Ds: Not quite a New Man, you're a pre-historic man. You're brutish, slobbish, unhygienic, monosyllabic, completely out of touch with your feelings... God I want you! ♣

First, she will object to the current composition of dog food – Pedigree Chum in particular – and, in order to save dumb animals from having to eat the stuff, will wipe out Battersea Dog's Home in a bazooka attack. Then she will launch a crusade against the Home and Leisure section of the *Daily Mail*, blaming it for the problems of child abuse, global warming and tasteless interior design in Esher. And finally – the big one – she will draw the world's attention to the scourge of those automatic toilet hand dryers that go off just before your hands get dry. Way to go, Sinny.

● Aren't the Manic Street Preachers crap? Just thought I'd throw that one in. Until next month...♣

Dear Dionne,

You're the most beautiful girl who's ever been in *Club International*: in fact I think you're the sexiest thing I've ever seen!

I got a bigger thrill from seeing your pictures because I think I know the place where they were shot! It looks like a hotel in California where I stayed with an old girlfriend – I can't remember the name, but it was in the Santa Monica mountains.

While there we had the best sex of my life. I don't know if it was the heat, but Amanda wanted it all the time. The best moment was when I took her from behind on the terrace outside our room, shafting her while she looked out at the people sunbathing outside. The danger gave her such a thrill she came four times!

Was that the place – and did you have sex there too? – Mark, Humberside

You're right both times, Mark! Sounds like the same place, and I did get up to some naughty stuff there, though nothing quite as risky as you did. I met a couple in the bar after the shoot, and drank a little too much. I ended up making love with the guy while his girlfriend watched! She was crazy about my tits, and wanted to see her boyfriend's cock between them. Well, she got her wish! – Dionne ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Harry Linden

Hi there! For my first photographs of 1993 I'm getting back to basics. Loads of you had written asking to see me in my own underwear – the sort of lingerie I wear every day. Well, here it is! This is my favourite outfit at the moment; I like it because it's simple, lacy and very feminine. White's my favourite colour for undies, it makes me feel quite innocent and virginal, which is what I am of course! Well, almost. In fact I was quite adventurous over Christmas.

Some friends of mine had a party, and to cut a long story short I ended up in bed with the host *and* the hostess! We got up to some really naughty stuff, but I didn't go the whole way with his girlfriend. She's phoned me up a few times since, and asked me over for a private party, just the two of us. It's tempting, but I'm not sure if I dare go... let me know what you think!

Until next month...

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
The sight of you in that ballet outfit was almost too much for me to bear!

I've been fantasizing about getting my hand up your rather flimsy tutu almost every day – and just thinking about that smooth, creamy flesh above your stocking tops makes me all hot under the collar!

Being a bit of a science fiction fan, though, I would dearly love to see you dressed in some sort of futuristic, skimpy silver outfit like those girls used to wear in that 'U.F.O.' series from the 70s.

And as you'd need a futuristic lover to help you undress – it would have to be me! *– Luke, London*
That would be out of this world! I've always wanted to know if you could make love in space, you know, flying around naked after we've taken (everything) off and then again as we approach re-entry! After all, that's what U.F.O stands for, isn't it? Undressed Floating Orgasm!

Dear Lucy,
I have to admit to being quite a fervent admirer of yours, from your debut in Club right up until the last issue. However, I have one complaint – how come we never see you in leather?

I'm sure there's loads of us out here that would like nothing better than to see you in a tight leather mini-skirt, thigh-length boots and a biker's jacket (opened, of course, to show off your magnificent boobs to full effect!), all slowly being peeled off for our benefit!

I could lend you my motorbike too, as long as you don't mind getting a bit dirty!
– Bruce, Humberside
That'll be the day! Well, Bruce, it's a nice idea, but I really don't know if I could handle anything that big between my legs! I love the idea of clinging for dear life to some hunk as I sit, legs apart, gradually going faster and faster... but then I do all that anyway when I'm in bed!

Dear Lucy,
I'm sure you've had hundreds of letters asking you to do one thing or the other, but how about doing a striptease for us with another model from Club?

My fantasy is for you both to appear on a stage dressed in really classy evening gowns, like you're all ready to go to the ball.

Then in typical striptease fashion you peel everything off, starting with your pearls and earrings and finishing with your lacy knickers and suspenders, and end up sitting naked astride two chairs in front of a very appreciative audience.

How about doing this with Kitty, or Carla (both featured in Vol 21 No. 11)? You may have trouble finding a partner, but you can bet your life you wouldn't have trouble finding the crowd! – *Mary, Chester*
Well funnily enough, Mary, Carla and me went out to a nightclub the other week and were asked to do much the same thing, as somebody recognised us both from Club and wanted to get us up so we could get 'em off! Needless to say we declined the offer to strip there and then – we waited till we got them both home instead!

Dear Lucy,
I have to say my dream woman is a redhead, and my dream redhead has to be you!

With such a smooth, firm body like yours I reckon any clothing at all is too much, it just hides another bit of you from the rest of us!

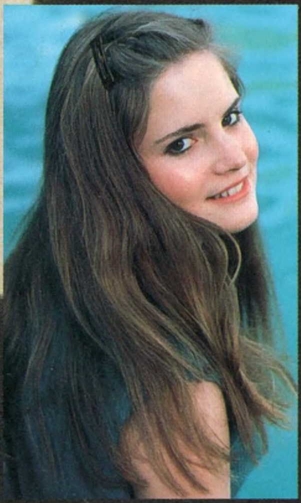
So how about giving us naturalists a treat and appearing totally naked? Maybe just coming out of a swimming pool, or maybe in the shower washing away all those bubbles?

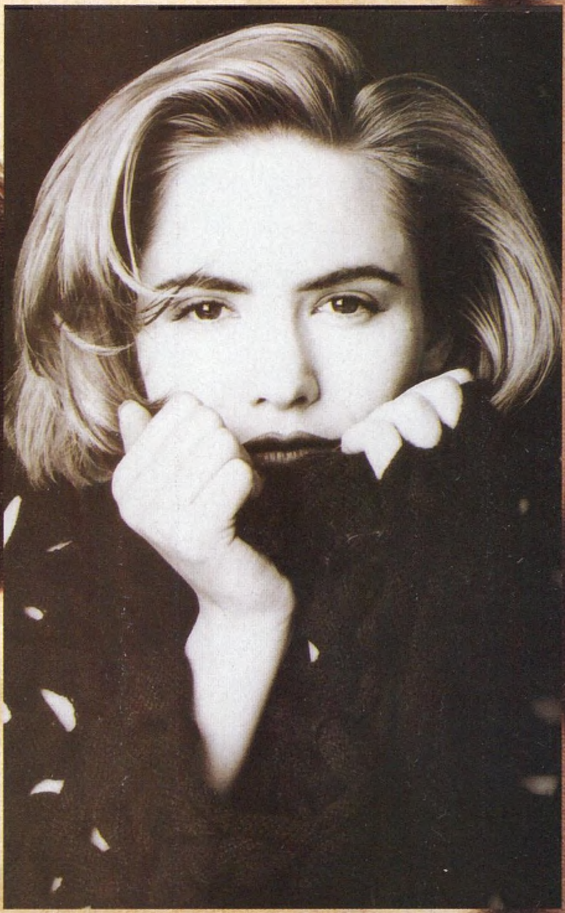
I won't tell you what happens in my dreams when I think of you like this, but believe me, you'd need more than a shower to wash those dirty thoughts away! – *Eddie, Northampton*
Oooh, what lovely thought! I think the closest I ever came to your sort of fantasy was when I bonked this hunk in the sea when was on holiday in Greece.

I thought Cor-phew! He's all right! I can't exactly remember his name though, but I think it was something like Phil Menikus! ♣

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH

Is Hollywood's horniest star just as lewd, crude and rude as her characters? **Andy Lomax** does some probing and finds out...





"Tell me about your wife... Was she a good fuck?" Not your usual family viewing script, probably because the movie it comes from – *The Men's Club* – isn't your usual family film.

The line is uttered with a mixture of lust and sheer dirtiness by Jennifer Jason Leigh, whose character Teensy is a prostitute. Jennifer is currently Hollywood's favourite character actress; the only thing is all her characters are – like Teensy – obsessed with sex.

"Doing a sex scene is no more difficult than a scene walking down the street," says Jennifer, who should know. Nearly all of her films have contained some sort of sauciness, usually ending up with Jennifer's character stark naked.

Take, for example, her recent film, *Rush*, in which she plays an undercover cop. Half way through the film her boyfriend returns home to find her in bed. They kiss, and she starts to go down on her man, but just as she is about to spread her lips he flips her over and shafts her from behind.

The sex scenes are always memorable. In *Backdraft* she did it on a fire engine, in *Miami Blues* she does it on a kitchen table, in *Flesh and Blood* (with Rutger Hauer) she does it in the bath... and in *Last Exit To Brooklyn*, she does it with the whole neighbourhood in a scrapyard.

The characters are all sassy, spunky, sexually demonstrative, yes-please-I'll-have-some women. In her latest film, *Single White Female*, she plays Hedy, a dowdy, dishevelled, unthreatening twentysomething who lurches schizophrenically into a malevolant killer. Yet in real life Jennifer is quieter than a churchmouse on mogadon. She is painfully shy, the opposite of her on-screen personae, which is most peculiar. It's almost like she's the prissy school ma'am who turns into a sex-crazed babe at the weekend.

"It's a way for me to be extrovert, which I'm not in real life," she explains quietly. "It lets me communicate and express myself in a way I can't normally."

She feels a deep sympathy and real affection for her film characters. Of *Miami Blues*, in which she starred as a hooker alongside Kim Basinger's boyfriend, Alec Baldwin, she says: "Playing a prostitute is so complicated. You're getting paid to be humiliated, so you feel this amazing power that you have over men, but at the same time you are the one who is crawling around on your hands and knees being fucked up the ass."

Err... right. These are surprisingly strong words from someone who, in the flesh, doesn't look like she'd say bollocks to a bluebottle. But at the same time she's very honest, very open about things of a rampant nature. In fact she complained that a lot of her sex scenes in *Flesh and Blood* were too tame, that the final edit had cut out all the juicy bits to make sure that it got a softer rating.

She complained that a lot of her sex scenes in Flesh and Blood *were too tame*

Perhaps her most memora-

ble role was as streetwalker Tralala in *Last Exit To Brooklyn*, which was so graphic when it was first published as a book that it was initially banned in this country.

One of her first films was *Fast Times At Ridgemont High*, a teen sex comedy which also starred Sean Penn. She played a schoolgirl who was desperately looking for love and ends up, not entirely unsatisfactorily, discovering sex instead.

"I went through a very similar thing when I was younger," says the 29-year-old Leigh. "Differentiating between love and sex was a hard thing for me. Just searching for an identity and wanting to be something."

She very much is something at the moment, having been voted one of the ten most beautiful women by American magazine *Harper's Bazaar*, and being much in demand by the big film studios.

She was no stranger to Hollywood even before she started acting. Her mother was a scriptwriter and her father was actor Vic Morrow, who died in a tragic helicopter accident on the set of *The Twilight Zone*. And she has a few words to say about Hollywood.

"The film industry is afraid to make anything original. A lot of films being made are about comics – like *Batman* or old TV series, like *The Flintstones*. It's depressing, isn't it?" Well, not when Jennifer may well be taking her clothes off in them...

It comes as no surprise to learn that one of her favourite books is called *Bad Behaviour*, which contains a lot of short stories about young women who are a little bit loose by nature. But when it comes to inspiration for such characters, it isn't a book she turns to, nor even her director. It's her dog. Her dog?

"Yes," she explains in that quiet voice of hers. "Like those stray women, what my dog desires is unconditional love, and it's willing to go through hell to get it. The first time you meet my dog, she will roll over on her back with her legs in the air saying, 'You're the boss.'" Now that's what we call inspiration... ♣

'Playing a prostitute is so complicated... you have this amazing power over men, but you're the one crawling around on your hands and knees being fucked up the ass'

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

let go. Believe it or not, I'd never accepted a man's come in my mouth before, but this time I wanted to make sure all the guys could see me swallowing it down. There was a lot to take, and I gulped and sucked, but in the end I didn't miss a drop!

Frank was near coming too, and he rammed that huge cock into me from behind as the other guys cheered him on. I pinched my nipples and played with my clit as he fucked me. He held out until he knew I was about to come too, and then slammed into me one last time and spurted his come deep inside as I had the most intense orgasm of my life!

We wound down after that, but I still got fucked two more times and ended up covered in sweat and come. Afterwards, I staggered home for a hot bath and a good night's sleep. I couldn't tell Darren about this, but that hasn't stopped me dreaming about it! — *Karen, Dorset*

Party Girl

Last summer I was invited to a barbeque, and ended up with more on my plate than a burnt sausage!

Sunshine, skimpy clothing and alcohol always make me feel randy, and as I stood there having a beer I spotted Julia, a girl I'd fancied for years, through the crowd. She was standing alone and looking hornier than ever, dressed in a tight, white t-shirt and daringly short, cut-down jeans.

She'd just got back from holiday and she was beautifully tanned, her long blonde hair brighter than ever. We always flirted at parties and just as I'd get an erection she'd wander back to her husband, Doug, a high flying advertising exec who I knew wasn't giving it to her enough. I could give it to her enough and then enough again!

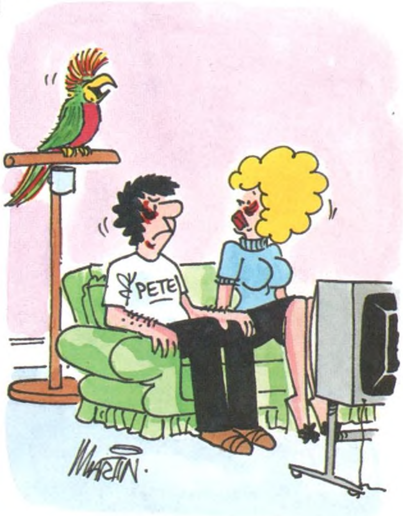
"How's it going, ugly? Remember me?" I grinned, tapping her on the shoulder.

"John!" she said, spinning round. She moved her face to mine to give me a kiss, but instead stuck her tongue in my ear.

"What are you doing?" I said, scared that someone would see her.

"I've been thinking about you, John..." she whispered.

"Same here," I gulped. Then she deliberately dropped her fork and turned to pick it up. The shorts were so tight that when she bent down they rode into her crotch, revealing the sides of her pert buttocks and labia bulging in her panties. I was so turned on I started to sweat. She bloody knew it and returned to face me with a grin.



"Oh, Nigel, do it to me... Let me have it, big boy... Oh, it's so big, Nigel!"

"It's a pity your husband's here," I said, chancing my arm.

"Why's that?" Julia smiled, an innocent sparkle in her eye. I leant forward and whispered in her ear.

"Because if he wasn't, I'd take you upstairs and fuck the arse off you!"

"Well, let's go, then." And without another word she took me by the hand and lead me into the house. I knew it was dangerous, but no one seemed to have noticed us leave!

Julia didn't waste any time. As soon as we were in the bedroom she kicked the door closed, and pulled off her t-

continued on page 42

GIRL of the year

It was a close-run thing – in fact, the tightest vote we've ever had in our Girl of the Year poll – but you have crowned beautiful blonde Kirsty queen of Club! A huge 3,744 of you rated her the best girl to appear in these pages in 1992, but Cindy was just 16 votes behind; Lynette had only 23 fewer, and Becky also had well over 3,000. The girls send their thanks to everyone who voted for them – and none more so than Kirsty, whose celebration set you can see on the following pages. Enjoy!

3 LYNETTE
Vol 21 No 3

5 ANGELIQUE
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2 CINDY
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No 12

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Kirsty

Photographs by Jack Harrison

She's blonde, she's beautiful, and to cap it all she's just been voted Club's Girl of the Year. And when we told Kirsty of the award she could hardly contain herself – literally! "I don't think I've ever won anything before – except perhaps a Miss Wet T-Shirt competition in Blackpool a few years ago – just wait till I tell my mum!" she laughed. So does she think the other models at Club will be jealous when they hear she's won? "Oh no, they're the sweetest lot! I'm sure they'll all be pleased for me. One of them even said she'd like to crown me if I did win, and another

said she'd like to shake me warmly by the throat. I think she was joking..."

Ah, right. But tell us, Kirsty, what are you going to do with your award?

"Well, what is it? A certificate? A medal? A trophy?"

Well, none of those, really. Just more of a chance to appear in Club again.

"Oh well, that's OK. You'll just have to get all your readers to write in to tell me what they'd like to give me instead. I'll bet they'll come up with something!" ♣

IT'S THE REEL THING

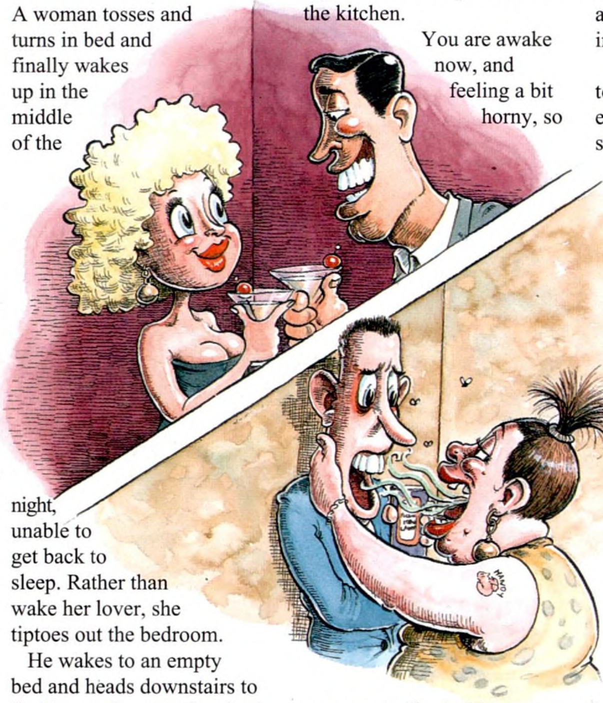
To see sex in the movies you'd think alarm clocks, underpants and underarm hair didn't exist. But they do... **Roger D'Erarsoff** re-writes the script to take account of real life.

NOOKIE AT NIGHT (See Ghost)

In the film world, people are able to shag at any time of the day or night. If you or I are woken up at four in the morning after a night on the piss, we might not be in top shagging shape – but that's not how it is in the movies.

In the movies

A woman tosses and turns in bed and finally wakes up in the middle of the night, unable to get back to sleep. Rather than wake her lover, she tiptoes out the bedroom.



He wakes to an empty bed and heads downstairs to find her at the potter's wheel in her negligée. She starts to mould the clay into an erect penis and begins to masturbate it. He creeps up behind, slips his hands through her arms and suggestively massages the clay.

Their favourite record comes on their personal jukebox (doesn't everybody have one?). They massage wet clay into each other, shag each other senseless and then fall asleep.

In real life

It's three o'clock in the morning and you are in the middle of a dream in which Kim Basinger is about to sit on your face, when you get a nudge in the ribs. "I can't sleep," says your girlfriend. "Will you get me a glass of water?" You roll over, groan "Fargorff" and fall asleep.

She huffs loudly, rolls out of bed – taking the bed covers with her – puts the light on and stomps down to the kitchen.

You are awake now, and feeling a bit horny, so you eventually decide to see if she fancies a shag. She stands in the kitchen in her pyjamas, trying to get the lid off a jar of Horlicks. You offer to help and end up spilling the lot all over both of you. You laugh, she calls you a useless cunt and you end up sleeping on the sofa.

GETTING UNDRESSED (See any film with shagging in it)

In real life, getting your clothes off is something that is best done *before* you start tickling her tonsils. On the silver screen sweaters lift off magically, and underpants drift away of their own accord; if you try to combine sex and stripping at home you'll end up in casualty.

In the movies

He pulls her into the bedroom, where the moonlight shines through the French windows. They kiss, and he slips his arm round her to undo the back of her dress. It falls to the floor.

She unbuttons his shirt and pushes it back over his side of beef shoulders, all the time French kissing him so hard she looks like she's trying to suck-start a Harley Davidson.

He pushes her back onto the bed, unbuckling his belt as they fall together onto the king-size folds of luxury. She arches her back and pushes his trousers off, taking his shoes and socks with them.

He slides down her belly, takes her panties in his teeth and tugs them off, licking her inner thighs as he goes.

Consumed with passion and totally naked they dive into each other and fuck till the sun comes up.

In real life

You're gagging for it and so is she. You pull her into the bedroom, tripping over that pile of pants you've been meaning to wash.

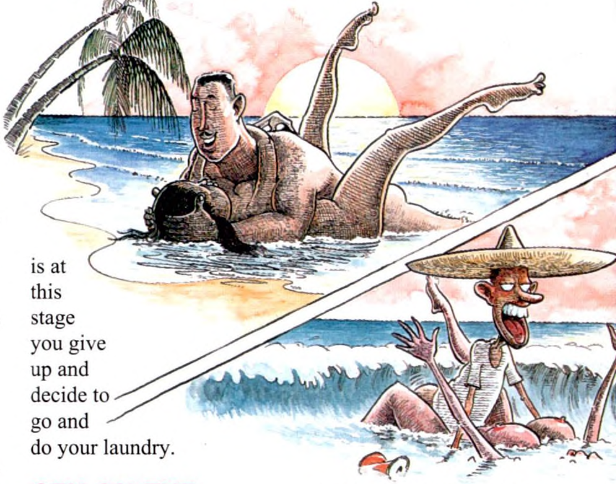
You kiss her and start to pull up her jumper: her head disappears into acrylic, and just as you think the pullover's off, she starts to scream. Her arms are stuck over her head, the jumper's caught in her earring and you're pulling her ear off.

While she's struggling to untangle herself you catch sight of her bra and figure you might as well have a go at getting that off. As you reach for the clasp you get clouted in the face by one of her flailing arms.

She kisses you better, heads for your trousers and snags her nail trying to undo the belt buckle on your jeans. You meanwhile have given up with the bra and shoved it up over her tits so you can have a good suck.

Your belt finally off, she whips your fly down, catching a tuft of your pubes as she goes. You yelp and fall backwards, pulling her with you, missing the bed and landing in the pile of pants.

You roll on top of her, your hard-on poking out the side of your y-fronts. But her jeans are still round her ankles and you can't get near her love hole because her legs are stuck together firmer than a glue sniffer's nostrils. You would help her off with her jeans, but you only have the use of one arm, the other being caught in your t-shirt. It is at this stage you give up and decide to go and do your laundry.



SEX ON THE BEACH (See From Here To Eternity)

Looks great: feels terrible. What they don't tell you about sand is that it can mysteriously enter every orifice of the human body.

In the movies

A couple stroll down the beach, swathed in the light of a stunning sunset. He is a handsome navy type, she a model. The moment is perfect: overcome with lust, they tumble together into the waves breaking on the beach. They roll around in each other's arms, the water crashing over them as they shaft each other senseless to the rhythm of the sea.

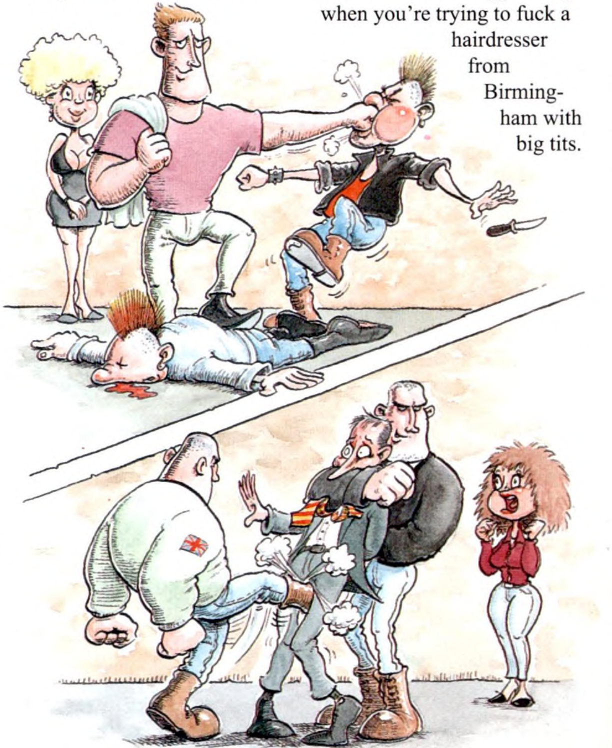
In real life

The Spanish disco has finally shut and you and the hairdresser from Birmingham with the big tits take a stroll along the beach. You're trying to sober up, but not before you've fucked her.

Stripping off, you suggest a swim and dive in, hoping she'll follow. She does, her skimpy underwear becoming transparent as it hits the water.

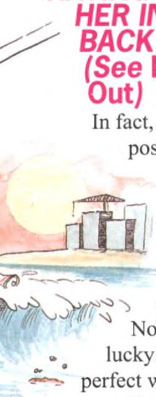
Your knob is so big it could pass for a periscope. You leap on top of her, only it's too deep and while you're quite happy humping away with your head above water she's turning blue under three feet of saline.

You try it standing up, and promptly push three litres of Mediterranean up her before being sent flying by one of those waves that happen only when you're trying to fuck a hairdresser from Birmingham with big tits.



You opt for dry land, a romantic spot you know behind a couple of pedaloes. Flat out and still wet you're coated in sand. Sand in your eyes, hair, mouth, and extra sand in your gland. You don't care, you're gonna knob this girl if it kills you. And it will.

PULLING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AT A PARTY AND THEN HAVING SEX WITH HER IN THE BACK OF A CAR (See No Way Out)



In fact, it is quite possible to do either one of these: it's just not possible to do both at the same time. Nobody is that lucky. Also, it's the perfect way to lose both your girlfriend and your licence in one go.

In the movies

He walks into a party full of people he hardly knows, but more importantly *without* bringing any drink. He sees a stunning woman across the room. They catch each other's eye and within two minutes they're talking. Within three minutes they decide the party is boring and within four minutes they're leaving. Within five minutes she's in the back of his limo and within six minutes she's hitching her taffeta skirt up and sitting on his sausage.

In real life

You spend 15 minutes trying to get past the idiot on the door, who's not sure if he knows you. You get in and wonder why you bothered as all the girls look like they've been hit with the ugly stick.

You notice the only decent-looking woman there, and by the time you pluck up courage to say anything her no-neck of a boyfriend pushes your adam's apple out your arse.

Two and a half hours later you are stuck to the face of something with breasts, tattoos and a nice personality. You spoon her into a taxi and then try your best to continue where you left off at the party, only to find she's snoring loudly and tastes and smells of sick.

FIGHTING A GANG OF ROUGHNECKS FOLLOWED BY SEX IN A DARK ALLEY IN THE RAIN (See Nine And A Half Weeks)

Not only impossible, but stupid. Sex and violence can go together very nicely, but only if your girlfriend begs you to slap her bottom with a rolled up copy of the *Financial Times* – not if it involves getting your teeth knocked down your throat.

In the movies

An Armani-clad man and woman leave a New York club and find themselves walking down a street in the rain. Round the corner rolls a Chevrolet-load of hoodlums.

The woman is – and hey, why not? – dressed as a man, and shouts at the hard cases as they drive past. The car stops and the occupants get out and give chase.

The man and woman end up down a blind alley, where the man stands firm and turns round to beat up his pursuers. The woman is impressed and sexually aroused. Both are fired with adrenaline and passion, so naturally they proceed to tug their clothes off and hump each other's brains out.

In real life

You and your woman have just come out of the pub having drank ten lagers and a dozen Pernods between you. It's pissing it down and you've only got your pretend Levis and a Fred Perry on.

As you stagger down the street, four men in a Vauxhall Nova shout at your woman to get her tits out. She tells them to "Farkk Orff ya bastardsh!" and they stop the car.

You crap yourself and leg it, and both end up cornered in a bus shelter. You turn round to your assailants to apologise to them, and have seven kinds of shit beaten out of you while your woman screams "Leave him alone".

They run off and leave you lying amongst the crisp packets and used condoms. She calls you her hero and tries to kiss you but your bloodied lip is now the size of a small planet and congealing fast. Your nose is a foot wide and vying for position with your ears and you couldn't even raise a smile let alone an erection. ♣

THE WORLD AS I SEE IT, LAD

Every month a popular personality shares his personal philosophy with Club readers. This month: **Fred Trueman**

I'll tell thee something for free, lad, cricketers today, you know what they are? Bloody big girls blouses that's what. Pads? PADS?! We never had *pads* when we was young. We got our fathers to tie dynamite to our shins. Made us hit the bloody ball all right. And helmets? What the hell are *they* for? All we ever had was two pieces of bread and jam stuck to either side of our heads. *And* I laughed when the ball hit me.

And that, *that*, is what's wrong with this bloody country. If more people were like me and went out in all weathers in nothing but a cricket jumper and a pair of gumboots eating soil it'd give 'em some bloody backbone.

And while we're on the subject, *French fondant fancies*? What the bloody hell are those when they're at home, I'd like to know? Give 'em gravel, I say. And double glazing? *Double bloody glazing*!! What's wrong with gaping great holes in the side of your house? Get some fresh air in yer lungs you nancy.

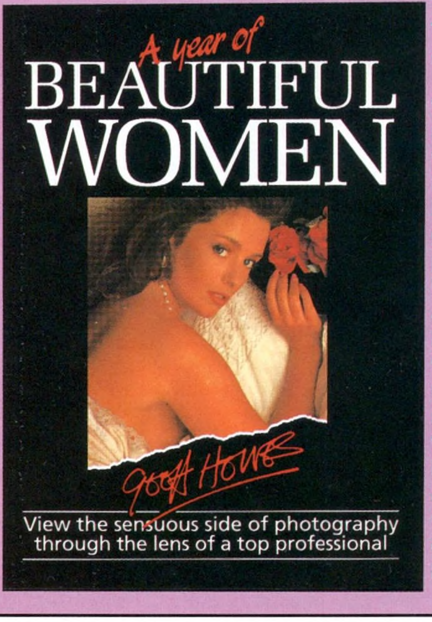
And *bottled lagers*!!? Is thee a ponce, or what? Makes my sodding blood boil! What the frigging hell *are* they for, eh?! My father... blah, blah... *Continued all the bloody time on Test Match Special.* ♣

CLUB BOOK CORNER

As you know, we at Club are never frightened to give a product a small plug in exchange for copious quantities of alcohol.

However, when Club snapper Geoff Howes was trying to persuade us to mention his new book *A Year Of Beautiful Women* he bought us a curry as well. That's why he's getting a big plug.

The book has lots of shots of beautiful lip-glossed girlies in various stages of undress, though some are a bit soft focus and many have seriously suspect mid-80s bubble perms. Mind you, there are one or two shots that he took for us in there as well, so it's not all that bad. And it's a snip at just £15.99, considering how much useful photographic information, down-to-earth wisdom and furry fanny it's got in it.


A year of
BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN
Geoff Howes
View the sensuous side of photography
through the lens of a top professional

So, if you thought that all photographers were just lecherous bastards who got lucky, wear pigtails and leather jackets and spend their lives adjusting their zooms over pouting naked nymphos, read this and you'll have to think again. I mean, Geoff Howes doesn't even have a pigtail. ♣

emma

Photographs by Roberto Rocci

This may be 21-year-old Emma's first appearance in Club, but it's definitely not the first time her beautiful body has been on display. "I do a lot of modelling for a local art school. You know, all that naked still life stuff. I usually have to

sit completely still on this wooden stool for hours on end while all these students stare at me. I really enjoy it, to be honest – especially checking out the boys there. By the looks on their faces, my back isn't the only thing that's gone stiff!" ♣

CRYSTAL BALLS UP

In a column that repeats as regularly as a packet of spring onion crisps, it's time again for **Maurice Short**'s completely inaccurate New Year predictions!

JANUARY

Juventus and England star David Platt turns down the chance of joining Gary Lineker at Japanese club Grampus 8. A spokesman for the club says he is baffled by Platt's decision. "He seemed to get embarrassed whenever I called him by name. Mr Rineker was never this sensitive," he tells the press.

Sayonara, Mr Pratt

The world of sport is outraged by the proposed publication of a new book of explicit photographs of superstar Maradonna. The book promises to show: "The hand of God in action as you've never seen it before!"

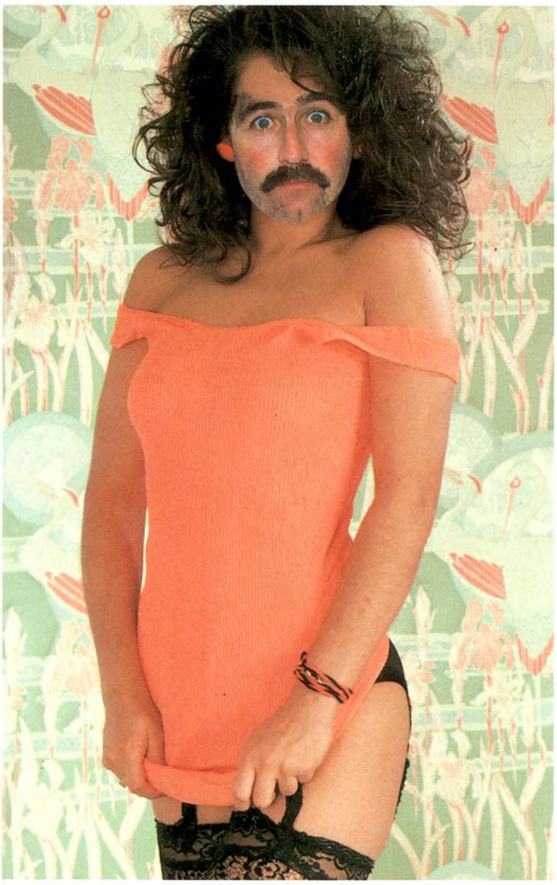
FEBRUARY

In the first match of rugby's Five Nations Championship, England skipper Will Carling sets a new world record – he uses the phrase "motivating the guys" 284 times in one television interview.

Nigel Mansell announces that he is about to shed his unsmiling image – he's just had the sponsor's name engraved on his teeth.

MARCH

Graham Taylor hits upon a playing system that will work; after much historical research, he realises that the most successful England teams have included lots of players called Bobby. In their next match against Holland, England lose 2-0. Bobby Crush scores an own goal and Bobby Davro is sent off for doing a crap imitation of Adolf Hitler.



Nice legs, shame about the face – Essex girl, Gooch

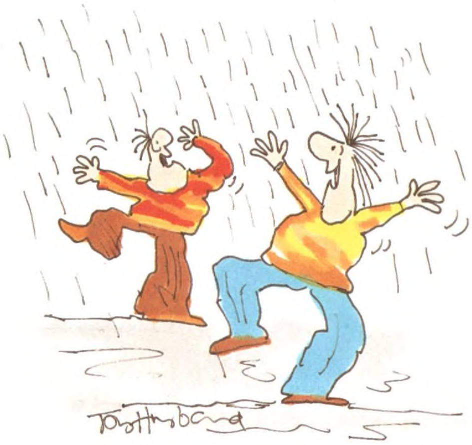
APRIL

The cricket season begins. In the Sunday League the players walk out for the first time in their new colourful costumes. These are designed to help TV viewers instantly recognise which county is which. Essex captain Graham Gooch later complains that his side's white stilettos and spandex boob tubes put them at a disadvantage when fielding.

MAY

Athlete Linford Christie tells TV viewers that he is determined to break a world record this season. As a warm up he says "totally focused" 12 times in a single sentence. "Watch out Will Carling!" he shouts. "I'm totally focused on your tail!"

A survey commissioned by the Test and County Cricket Board to find out what improvements spectators would like to see in the game makes extremely interesting reading: 5 per cent want the lbw law reformed or abolished, 10 per cent want more one day matches and 85 per cent want Ian Botham to do something about his appaling hairstyle and give up wearing those bloody stupid sunglasses.



"Wow! Acid rain, man..."

JUNE

The wife of the leader of the Tour de France announces she is divorcing him. "His obsession with cycling has ruined our private life," she says. "He wants to get his leg over eight hours a day, then when he's finished he chains me to a lamp post." Madonna later rings her up and asks for the rider's phone number.

JULY

Andre Agassi capitalises on his success at Wimbledon by accepting an offer to become the star of a Hollywood movie. He will play Bungle the Bear in a feature length version of *Rainbow*.

Andre Agassi: "Oooh, Geoffrey – can I have some new balls, please?"

AUGUST

A Pakistani fast bowler is surprisingly elected as head of the National Union of Mineworkers. Retiring President Arthur Scargill says, "Since the Government closures he is the only person in Britain who regularly picks at a seam."

Following an incident during the England v Australia Test Match, in which umpire David Constant was impaled on a stump and then cremated when he turned down an lbw appeal, the ICC take drastic action. They go, "Tsk, tsk, tsk," in quite loud voices.

IN AND OUT

Terence Trendy's hot 'n' not hitlist

Panties	**Panto's**
Lying to yourself	**New Year's Resolutions**
Going on holiday	**Going mad**
Corduroys	**Lycra cycling shorts**
Nude drag racing	**Fishing**
Phil off *Eastenders*	**Grant off *Eastenders***
Ovaltine	**Large brandies**
Being called Smith	**Listening to *The Smiths***
Big nipples	**Big tits**
Day Nurse	**Vick's Sinex** ♣

SEPTEMBER

In an interview on Radio 5, Nick Faldo dismisses widespread press reports that he is paranoid about journalists. "They would say that, wouldn't they?" he tells listeners. "They all hate me. They do. They want my money taken off me, my family sold into slavery and my pet cat Tiddles shot and skinned and turned into ear muffs. Aaaaaargh!"

At an athletics meeting in Geneva, Carl Lewis smashes Linford Christie's new world record when he thanks God and his parents 430 times during a post-race press conference.

OCTOBER

Former England number 3 Alan Ball takes up a new coaching position in Spain. Delighted fans quickly name him "El Al". A fortnight later he is hijacked by Arab extremists who force him to fly to Libya.

Steffi Graf celebrates victory in the Midland Bank Championships by throwing off all her clothes and running around the court stark naked. Photos of the event are published in a controversial new book, "Sets". (Unlikely to come true this one, but worth thinking about anyway, don't you think?)

NOVEMBER

A top snooker promoter defends the use of beta-blockers by star players. "They're perfectly harmless," he says, "and prevent the hand tremors that occur naturally in human beings. Especially in ones who smoke 140 fags and drink 97 pints of lager a day."

Vinny Jones is in trouble with the Football Association again, this time for his involvement in a shocking new video. *Soccer's Soft Men* which features such outrageous and disreputable episodes as "Tackling in Reverse The Trevor Francis Way" and "Handbags At Ten Paces – Glen Hoddle's Greatest Fights".

DECEMBER

And finally, Carl Lewis is left trailing hopelessly in the wake of 'Big' Ron Atkinson as the Aston Villa boss reaches for his favourite "nice little situation" comment 3,653 times during *The European Match*. ♣

SUZY

Photographs by Harry Linden

Here at Club we know how to take a hint. So when the hundredth letter saying 'show us more of Suzy's sexy bottom' arrived, we couldn't refuse.

"Pointing my bum at the camera and wriggling it makes me feel ever so naughty," blushed the curvy redhead, "but I'm even more turned on to know you all appreciate it so much!

"I've borrowed my flatmate Jane's bedroom for today... she thinks the 'Home For Boys' sign suits me down to the ground! Maybe next time I'll get her to pose for you too – after all, she's quite happy to strip naked and spread her legs for me!" ♣

FOR
BOYS

ME

OME
OR
YS

RR
OME
FOR
OYS

CRAP PRESS RELEASES

It's amazing how many people want our inches. Simply clamouring for them. Unfortunately, not all of them are pouting, nubile bimbettes: some of them are PR people.

PR, apart from being the initials of our illustrious founder, stands for Public Relations, a misleading title if ever there was one. These people never talk to the public. They send out staggeringly irrelevant press releases, in the hope that they can get their crap product or service featured in the hallowed pages of *Club*.

Regular readers know our policy on this sort of thing. If they're offering free gifts, all night piss ups, and/or huge Amazonian women we give the matter some very serious thought before immediately giving them as much space as they want – completely irrespective of the quality or interest of the product to you, our great family of readers.

If, on the other hand, the release is really pretty interesting but they haven't offered us any bribes, we might pop it in very small across one column on page 93.

Sometimes, though, we get releases with no bribes which are completely crap as well! We don't see why we should suffer alone, so here's a quick cross section of the sort of shite we have to put up with.

By the way, if you're a PR, please stop sending us huge information packs on ironing boards, pet care services and dental floss: instead you could send us invitations for drinking distilleries dry and racing sports cars filled with naked girls covered in champagne. Massive coverage guaranteed.

Relevance Rating

One star *: **Oh very handy.**

Two stars **: **Yawn.**

Three stars ***: **How much?**

1) The Opening Of The Hotel Balschug Kempinski, Moscow. Now this is typical. A beautifully presented, four page package on the delights of a swanky hotel so modern that it boasts "telephones" and "sumptuous conference technology". All very well, but why send it to us? Do *you* find yourself racking your brains for a nice place to stay on one of your many visits to Russia? Course you bloody don't. Not even a whiff of a free night's stay here, either. Straight in the bin. Rating: **

UNIPART
0800 202020

2) Car Security Scheme (note police helmet). How *have* we managed for so long? Here we are doing our best to run an (ahem) "art" magazine and you know what, the mere thought of car theft hadn't even entered our minds! What a bunch of charlies! I know that I cannot get remotely aroused until I am certain my Allegro is totally safe against theft.

But do we get a day out at Brands Hatch? Do we get a free car? Do we even get a *key fob*? Do we hell. Rating: *

3) Humorous Pink Woolly "Dickhead" Johnny Hat. Oh dear. Not only useless, but this might actually catch on. This pink woolly hat is meant to look like the real thing, but unless your penis is two foot long and two feet in circumference and all the condoms you wear are made of wool, you're in for a disappointment.

Still, it was worn to mild applause by us in the *Club* offices, until one of us went home in it. The last we heard he was accosted by a woman balancing a huge white pill on her head saying he was the father of her two tea cosies... Rating: *** ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 23

shirt revealing a white lace bra that held her firm breasts. I couldn't help but stare as she kicked off her shoes and sat on the bed to pull her shorts off.

She lay back on the bed and beckoned me over. I lay down next to her and just looked into her eyes and then down her tanned body.

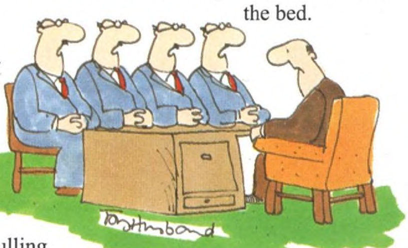
Slowly I slid my hand inside her briefs. She closed her eyes, sighing as I parted her cunt lips. Suddenly, she moaned and pulling my face to hers, pushed her tongue hard into my mouth.

I started playing with her clitoris and she went crazy, pulling her face away and pulling wildly on my flies. I watched in disbelief as she bent down and opened her mouth to take in my cock.

Her lips were unbelievably soft as she sucked up and down, taking the whole length down her throat and leaving traces of lipstick and saliva on my shaft. Her blonde hair was falling over my stomach as she buried her face into me.

She was driving me so mad I was ready to shoot my load there and then. But I wasn't going to waste any of this. Using all my will power I finally got her head off my cock and pushed her flat onto the bed.

I ripped her panties off and lunged into her crotch, and knelt in front of her to lick her sweet juices. She started gasping and screaming so loudly that I had to reach up and put my hand over her mouth to keep her quiet! She pushed her hips hard against my face as I stuck my wet tongue deeper and deeper



"I fell in the photocopying machine, Doctor..."

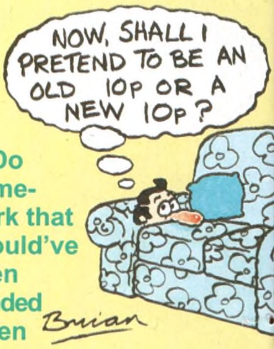
THE POINTLESS BIT

For no particular reason, we present ten totally futile things to do this month

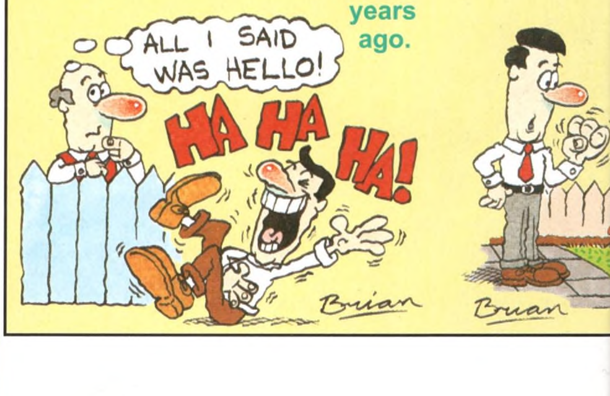
1) Look for a musical in the West End that isn't up it's own arse.

2) Buy a "Don't blame me – I voted Cromwell" car sticker.

3) Pretend to be a 10p piece and hide down the side of the sofa.


NOW, SHALL I PRETEND TO BE AN OLD 10P OR A NEW 10P?
Brian

4) Do homework that should've been handed in ten years ago.


ALL I SAID WAS HELLO!
HA HA HA!
Brian
Brian

into her tight love hole.

This got her going so much I had to pull my face away and just work her hole with my fingers. She grabbed at my cock, wanking it in time with her thrusts against my hand.

"Fuck me John!" she shouted. This is just what I wanted to hear, and pushing her back onto the bed I began to push, and in a second I'd eased my length up her. She was letting out groans and her buttocks were rippling every time my pelvis hit them. I didn't care about the noise any more as I built up the rhythm till we were both bucking wildly as though neither of us had it for years.

As she screamed the house down with her orgasm I let go and spouted jet after jet of spunk up her as she tightened her legs and arms around me and quivered. We lay there, our movements slowing down to eventual stillness as I fell off her and onto the bed.

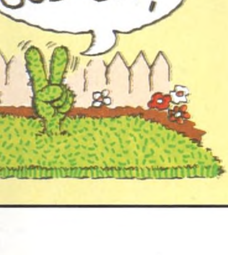
I lay there waiting for the sound of Doug's footsteps, but they never came. We hurriedly got dressed, and five minutes later we were back at the barbecue!

Later that day, Doug came up to me and drunkenly told me with a smug grin that he

continued on page 98

5) Seriously expect to be entertained by "Going For Gold".
6) Listen to your neighbours, then burst out laughing.
7) Look at pencils in a new light.
8) Talk to everyone you meet in Spanish.

9) Shake your fist at your lawn.
10) Order two tons of coal, then bury it so future generations can dig it up. ♣



danielle

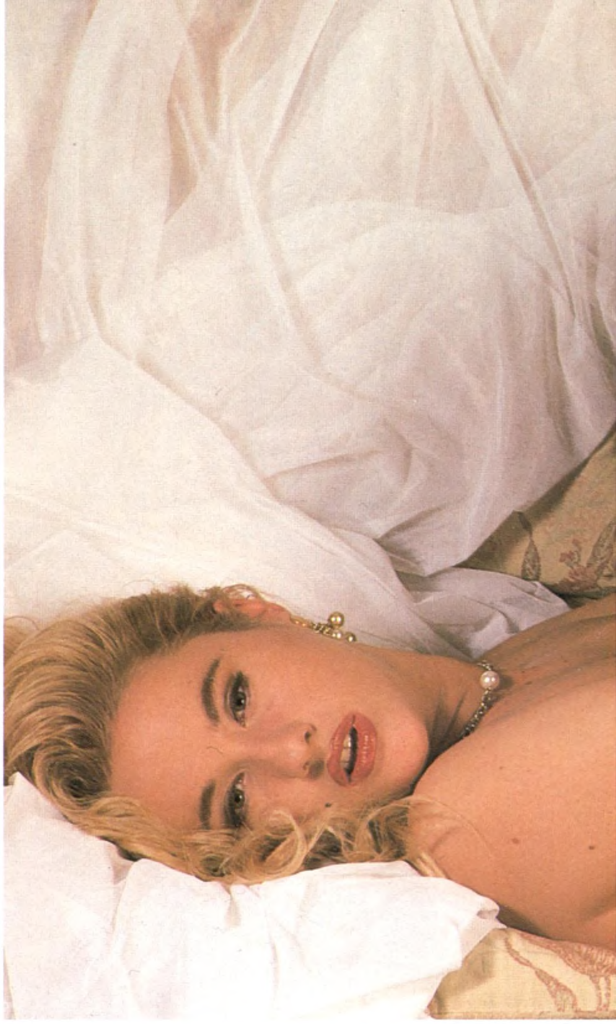
Photographs by Geoff Howes

Delicious Danielle makes a welcome return to Club, and shows us what she's been getting up to since then. That's right — stripping!

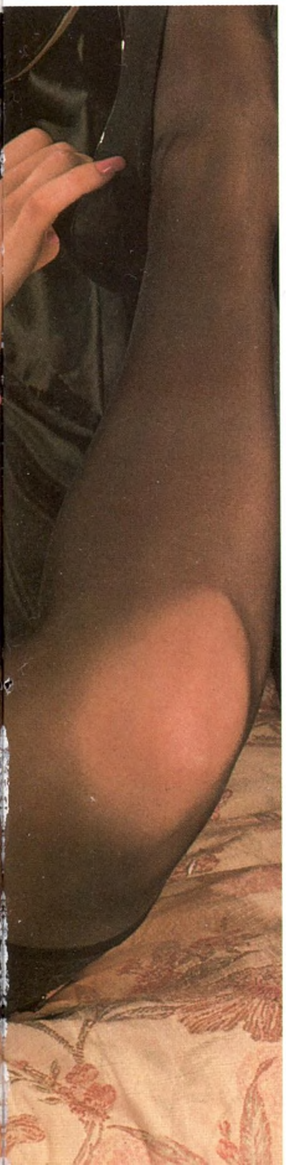
"Yes, but only the wallpaper!" sighed the beautiful blonde. "My boyfriend left me so I thought, right, that's it! I'll make

a clean sweep of everything and redecorate the whole flat," she said, as she reclined on the sofabed and showed us she's still got room for two.

"But I do miss all that sex. Anyway, my girlfriend



Rachel is coming round in a minute with a present for me. I don't know what it is, but I think she said something about bringing a little pussy for me to play with..." ♣



club
danielle

Brenda D. Cupp's GLOBAL PHENOMENA

The Bermuda Triangle, the Yeti, the success of Paul Merton – we present mysteries from the computer files of **Brenda D. Cupp**, writer, scientist and inventor of the high-fibre edible condom.

Now living in retirement on the Island of Canvey, the writer has devoted her life to the study of the paranormal. Here for the first time she runs her fingers across her little Apricot and allows the outside world to inspect her floppies. Prepare to be amazed!

BEHIND THE BEYOND

As Shakespeare's Prince Hamlet wisely observes: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio."

To which his companion replies, "Piss off, you smug student git. At least I don't skip around in tights clutching a skull trying to shag my own mother."

But in many ways the young Dane was absolutely right. For in this strange world of ours we are like Sir Lancelot on the night that he removed Queen Guinevere's cami-knickers only to find she was wearing a chastity belt: we are all searching for the key.

Sadly, Sir Lancelot never did find that key. A bit of a blow for him, but nothing whatsoever for Queen Guinevere. However, the next night he came back with a saw. Which served him right for getting slurped by someone else's wife.

And what of the rest of us? Can we answer the age-old questions that have puzzled man since the dawn of creation: why are we here? What does it all mean? How many more of those bloody NatWest ads are we going to have to sit through? And will we ever find the means to unlock the future? Many think that they have already done so.

WATCHERS AND FEELERS

You might think that Russell Grant and a bucket of chicken's entrails have nothing much in common (apart from the fact that the sight of both of them make you sick). But they do. They are both organs by which mankind has attempted to look into the future.

In ancient times, the pagan soothsayers believed they could predict events by disembowelling a hen then gazing at its insides. A similar method could easily be used on Russell Grant, but instead, Russell relies on astrology, the study of the stars. This means he is allowed to tell people on Breakfast TV that Pluto is entering Taurus the Bull, without being sued by Walt Disney.

Unfortunately, Europeans are not the only people who go in for this kind of thing. The Chinese too have their own system of horoscopes. These revolve around the designating of certain years to certain animals.

The year of a person's birth determines their characteristics. For instance, men born in the year of the rhino have a permanent horn and are very thick skinned (the list of prominent rhinos includes several ex-cabinet ministers). Julian Clary was born in the year of the drag-on, while Graham Taylor is a beaver, or a word that means the same thing, anyway.

The characteristics of the animal also affect the forthcoming year's events. Last year was the year of the cuckoo. The cuckoo lays its eggs in the nest of a smaller bird's, and then when the youngster hatches it quickly flings the other fledglings out of their home.

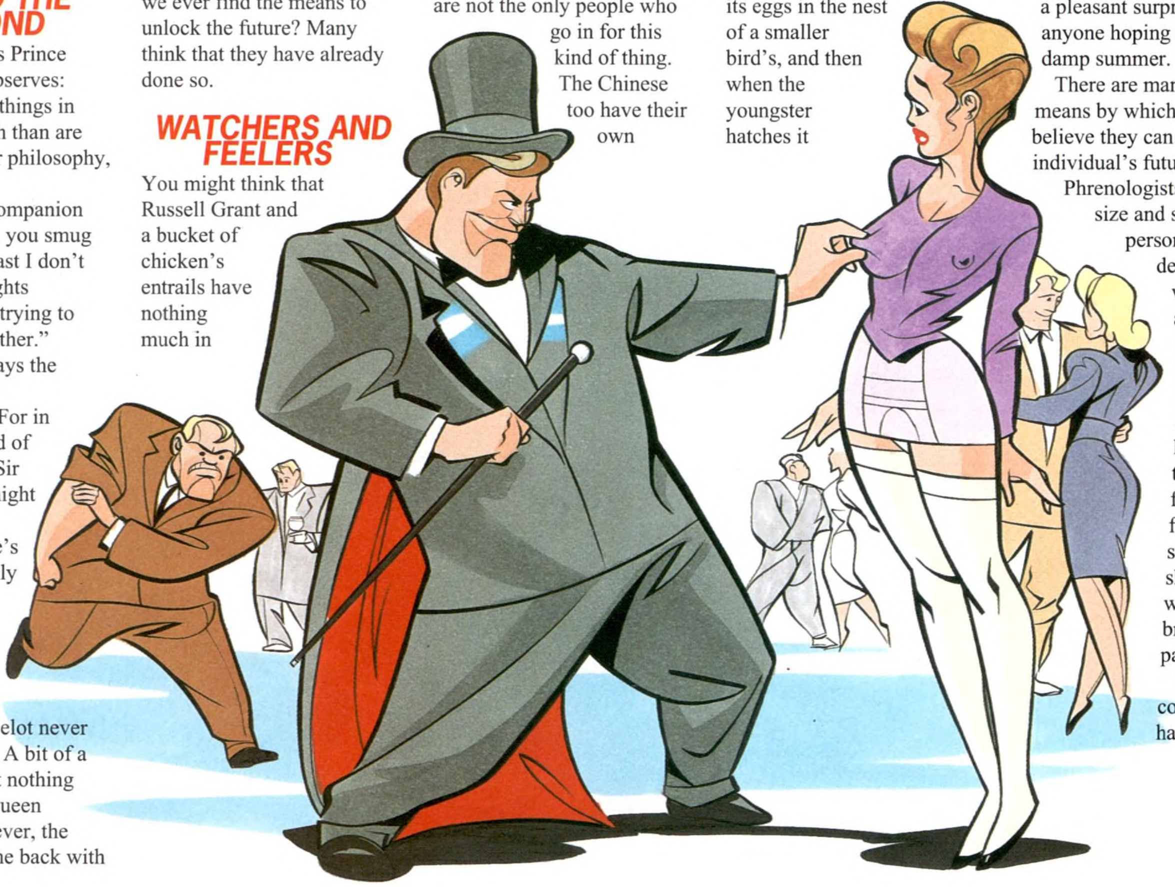
So how is this reflected in the happenings of 1992? Well, many people had their houses repossessed, the pound fell out of the ERM, and the pop scene was dominated by a ropey tart who lobbed her tits out at every available opportunity. As you can see, it all starts to make sense.

An unusual form of horoscope has also been developed in Yorkshire. This is similar to the Chinese horoscope, only much more blunt and down to earth. According to this we are currently living in the Year of the Twat, which will come as a pleasant surprise to anyone hoping for a warm, damp summer.

There are many other means by which people believe they can read an individual's future.

Phrenologists feel the size and shape of a person's skull to determine what fate awaits them. Baz Bloater of Newcastle, on the other hand, can tell the future by feeling the size and shape of women's breasts at parties.

"If I grab a coupla good handfuls and



Illustrations by Adam Willis

give 'em a squeeze," he told me, "I can gauge my immediate future pretty accurately: it's either back to her place for a quick shag or a fucking good pummelling off her boyfriend."

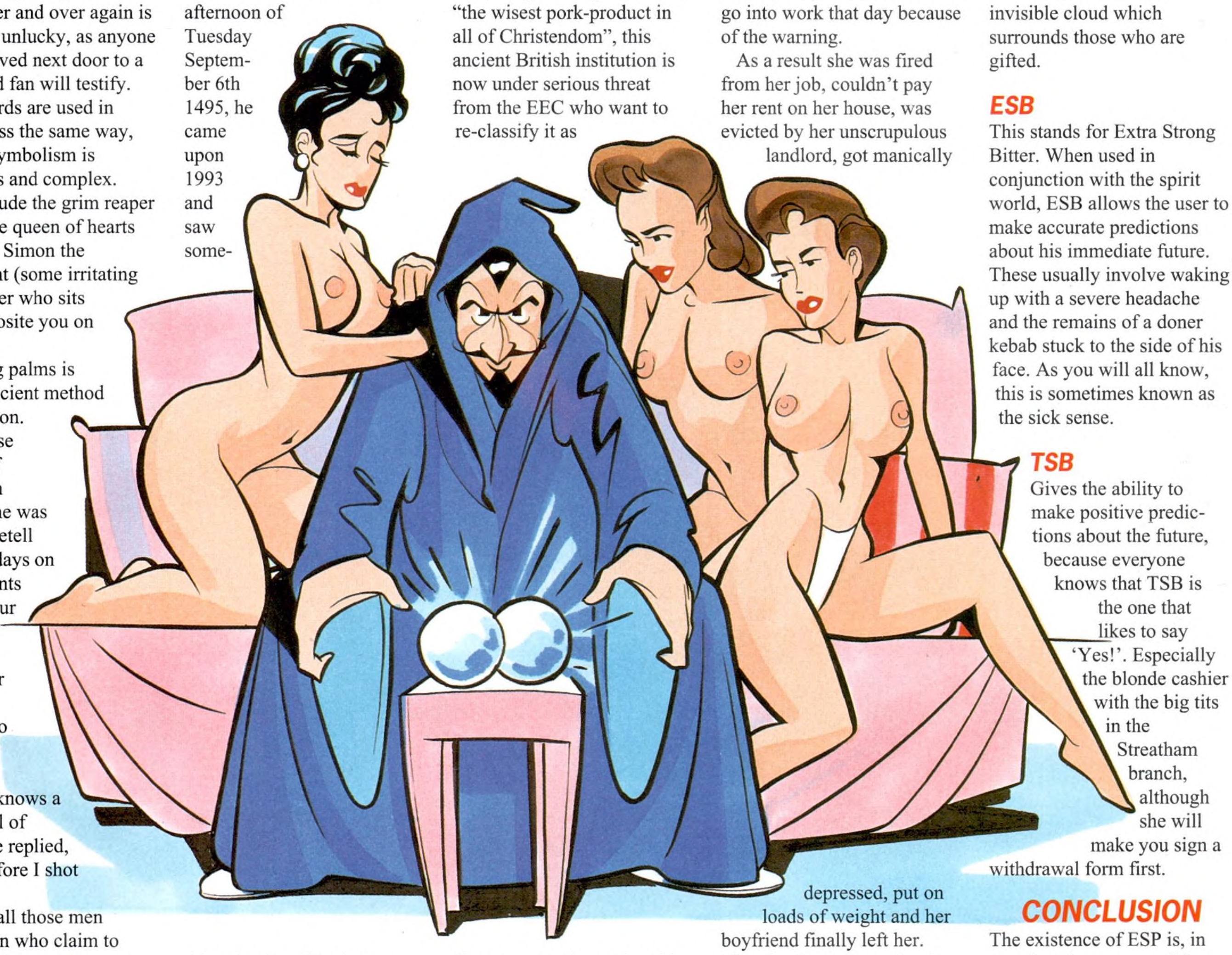
Reading the playing cards a person has been dealt also has its followers. Clubs are considered to be a sign of good fortune (unless, of course, you happen to be a seal), while getting the ace of spades over and over again is extremely unlucky, as anyone who has lived next door to a Motorhead fan will testify.

Tarot cards are used in more or less the same way, but their symbolism is mysterious and complex. Cards include the grim reaper (death), the queen of hearts (love) and Simon the Accountant (some irritating little bugger who sits down opposite you on the train).

Studying palms is another ancient method of prediction. Gypsy Rose Nipples of Dagenham claimed she was able to foretell the exact days on which events would occur using this technique. I asked her how she could be so precise.

"Well, everyone knows a palm's full of dates," she replied, shortly before I shot her.

But not all those men and women who claim to be able to foresee events use these formal systems. Many of the most famous have their own unique methods:



Old Mother Shiphams

Sister of the world famous Yorkshire fortune teller, Old Mother Shipton, Old Mother Shipham made her accurate predictions by carefully studying the pots of meat and fish paste on the shelf above the frozen chips in her local Co-Op.

Prediction for 1993:

"In the left hand row none there be,

"So it's crab paste sandwiches for someone's tea..."

Nostradamus

Lived in Paris some 500 years ago with a large harem of nubile nymphets — the so-called "Hump Pack of Nostradamus". By gazing into his miraculous crystal balls, Nostradamus was able to accurately predict both world wars, the invention of the atom bomb and global warming.

However, while staring into his wondrous orbs on the afternoon of Tuesday September 6th 1495, he came upon 1993 and saw something that horrified him so much that he had a fatal heart attack. His final words puzzled people for many centuries. Now, however, we at last know what he meant.

Prediction for 1993: "Bobby Davro – a second series. Aaaaaaaaargh!"

The Oracle Of Rumpi-Pumpi

Located on the tiny Greek island of Nikasoff, the respected "cynically rhetorical oracle" has been dispensing words of wisdom for well over 3,000 years now. However, his old age has given his cryptic messages a somewhat bitter and cynical tone.

Prediction for 1993: "Bloody hell, things just get worse and worse, don't they? I mean, I'm 5,000 years old and I have never seen such a shower as you lot. I tell you, it wasn't the same in my day, you know."

The Speaking Sausage of Sagacity

Described by *Mastermind* host, Magnus Magnusson, as "the wisest pork-product in all of Christendom", this ancient British institution is now under serious threat from the EEC who want to re-classify it as "breadcrumbs in a skin with added gristle". Despite its impending demise this clever old sausage continues to dispense its own particular brand of wisdom – a mixture of the bland and the bloody obvious.

Predictions for 1993: "Days to get longer, then shorter again. Football season to end, then start again. Madonna to show her knockers off at every opportunity that she gets."

FLEE THE SPIRIT

Horoscopes and predictions are all very well as a form of entertainment. But sometimes we read of people who simply get a weird feeling that tells them they shouldn't get on a particular plane because it is going to crash, or they should switch to a different TV channel because Jeremy Beadle is about to come on.

One such person was Claudia Buttocks. One morning Miss Buttocks was completely overwhelmed by a spooky chill warning her of an impending disaster. She immediately decided not to go into work that day because of the warning.

As a result she was fired from her job, couldn't pay her rent on her house, was evicted by her unscrupulous landlord, got manically depressed, put on loads of weight and her boyfriend finally left her. "But thank goodness that I heeded that warning," she told me as we chatted in her home, a cardboard box in Charing Cross. "Otherwise something really tragic might have happened to me."

So what exactly was the strange tingling that Claudia Buttocks felt? Feminine intuition? ESP? Embarrassing feminine itching? It's hard to tell precisely. But it seems certain to me that it was one of those things.

For although we all acknowledge the existence of five senses, the sense of smell, the sense of sight, the sense of hearing, the sense of touch, and the sense not to stick your head in an electric blender, we are reluctant to admit to having what I term "the seventh sense". Yet I firmly believes that this exists in a number of forms.

ESP

This stands for Extra Sensory Perception (unless, of course, you happen to be Barry White in which case it stands for Extreme Sexual Possibilities). ESP often manifests itself in the form of an invisible cloud which surrounds those who are gifted.

ESB

This stands for Extra Strong Bitter. When used in conjunction with the spirit world, ESB allows the user to make accurate predictions about his immediate future. These usually involve waking up with a severe headache and the remains of a doner kebab stuck to the side of his face. As you will all know, this is sometimes known as the sick sense.

TSB

Gives the ability to make positive predictions about the future, because everyone knows that TSB is the one that likes to say 'Yes!'. Especially the blonde cashier with the big tits in the Streatham branch, although she will make you sign a withdrawal form first.

CONCLUSION

The existence of ESP is, in my view, incontrovertible. But how do we know if we possess this extraordinary power ourselves? The obvious answer is by the use of testing. Where can you get such a test? Well, the answer is on this very page!

For I have prepared this entire feature as an examination of your extra-sensory abilities. Concealed throughout this article were a series of hilarious jokes that were only visible to those with special powers. For those of you who didn't spot them – that's too bad. You'll just have to put up with the crap ones, I'm afraid. Until next month! (I know, it's a real cracker that one).♣

joanne

Photographs by Jack Harrison

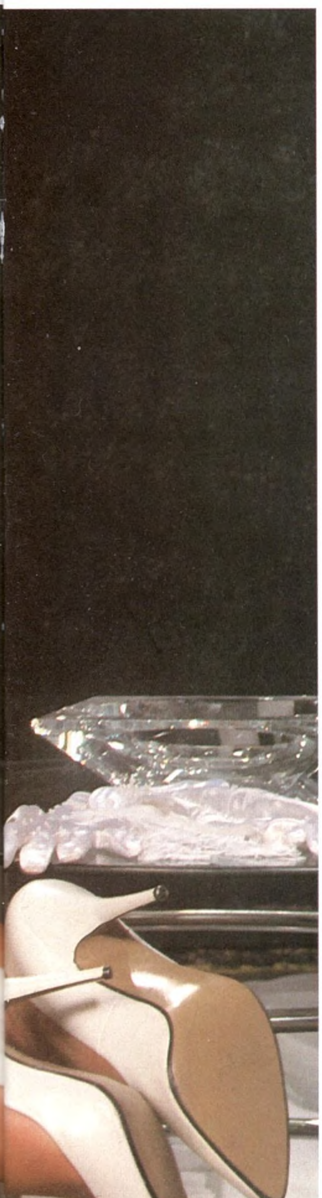
When we asked (oh all right begged*) Joanne to come back to do another session for us, we certainly didn't expect her to be wearing anything as naughty as this!*

"Oh, don't you like it?" she whispered, releasing her marvellous mammaries to the world. Don't be so frilly, we said, it's just that in all that white you look like you've just married a cowboy from Las Vegas!

"The only cowboy I've ever met was the one that came to fiddle with my

plumbing — but that's another story. Anyway, I was given this outfit by a secret admirer. And he gave me all this jewellery as well. Honestly, over the years I've been given enough pearl necklaces to completely fill all my drawers."

Mmmm, we can believe that somehow... ♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

All Change

My name is Rosemary, I'm 19 years old, leggy and well-stacked (or so the men all tell me). One day last week I was alone in the shop where I work when a really terrific-looking blonde girl came in. She was wearing a short skirt that clung to her bum, a low cut silk top and a leather jacket.

"Hi," I said, "can I help you?"

She smiled back at me and said nothing for a few moments. "I'd like to try on that red leather dress in the window," she finally said in a husky, sexy voice.

I found a red one in her size and showed her to the changing room. I was just about to pull the curtain shut when she said, "No, leave it open. I want your opinion." And then, "I'm Vicky."

Now I'm not usually attracted to girls but there was something about Vicky that had got my pussy tingling. I stood there watching her undress and started to feel very horny. Her body was incredible, with big tits that looked really suckable.

She caught me eyeing her as she stood there in just her panties and totally surprised me by saying, "You've got a beautiful body."

"Me?" I asked.

She stepped towards me and whispered, very sexily, "Yes, you." With that, she ran both hands down from my shoulders and across my tits. That did it. My nipples went rock hard and I felt a flow of love juices shoot down to my pussy.

She kissed me full on the lips. Despite my state of shock I responded, tasting her tongue. I really didn't know what had come over me, but it felt wonderful.

Her fingers slipped under my short skirt and gently pulled off my panties. I felt like a rag doll in her experienced hands. She made a sound of approval as she felt my stickiness, and I trembled all over as her fingers parted my pussy lips and wriggled up inside me.

Slipping off her panties, I clasped her bottom and pulled her towards me, sliding a hand into her moist crotch. It was bliss.

And then reality hit me. It took an awful lot of will-power for me to pull away and say, "Look, I'd better shut the shop."

"Okay," she agreed, reluctantly removing her fingers from my hot, dripping fanny.

I tugged my skirt down, covering my exposed pussy and bum, and hurried across the shop to the door, locking it and flipping the open/closed sign. Then, tearing off my clothes, I rushed back over to the changing room where Vicky was now lying spread across a red velvet chaise longue.

I stopped dead in my tracks, gazing down at her beautiful body and her clitoris which was poking through her thatch of neatly trimmed blonde pussy hair. Then I knelt between her long legs, parted her pussy lips with my thumbs and placed my tongue against her clit. I felt her body stiffen, as if an electrical charge had just travelled up her, and she moaned loudly.

I licked as much of her pussy as my tongue could reach. Her love juices flowed into my mouth and I tasted and swallowed them eagerly. Vicky came in my mouth and I slowed down and waited for her orgasm to die down before kissing her pussy and cuddling her.

"My turn," she said huskily.

Feeling very excited, I changed positions with her, opening my legs to give her a view of my wet pussy and, of course, easy access for her tongue. Within seconds, Vicky's tongue was doing to my pussy what I had just done to hers. I really got into it, bunching up my tits and sucking them. This seemed to turn Vicky on more and I saw her frigging herself off as she licked my pussy, even though she had just come herself. I soon felt my orgasm start to build up inside me — and then something happened that turned my whole world upside down.

I looked up and gasped as I saw David, the shop owner, standing there watching us. I figured he must have just let himself in through the back door.

"Don't stop on my account," he said.

David is an attractive man but I'd always steered clear of any involvement because I didn't want to mix business with pleasure. But Vicky didn't hesitate at all.

"Fancy joining us?" she asked cheekily.

I couldn't believe this was happening. But before I could do or say anything, Vicky was kneeling before David, unzipping his fly. When his cock sprang out, I realized what I had been missing! Within seconds, I was alongside Vicky, helping her to undress him.

Both Vicky and I went straight for his dick, taking it in turns to lick and suck it as he lay on the chaise longue. We were both so turned on we were fingering each other frantically as we sucked him off and fondled his balls.

Vicky got astride him and slid down on his rock hard cock while I sat on his face, my own face inches from Vicky's. She kissed me on the lips and we started playing with each other's tits. When we'd both come like that we changed over and I had David's hard dick buried way up inside my pussy while Vicky ground her own pussy into his face. It got me so excited thinking his cock had been inside Vicky's cunt only moments before that I came really quickly, and then I pulled off him so he could spray his load all over us. And licking it off each other's boobs got us started all over again!

I thought David would be cross with me for shutting the shop, but after he'd watched our lezzie frolics all he could say was, "I'm glad to see you keeping the customers happy!" — *Rosemary, Wigan*

Private Sessions

My name is Deborah, I'm 19 and I'm a virgin. You might think that means I'd have nothing to write in to Club about, but you'd be wrong. I was brought up quite strictly, and I have decided that I'll never have full sex with a man until I'm married. However, you don't have to screw to have a good sex life, as I know only too well!

All my friends think I'm very conventional and they would be shocked if they found out what I get up to when I'm alone, and that adds to the excitement somehow.

My sex life revolves around fantasising, which I always do with a copy of Club. I'd been pinching my big brother's copies for years, and I took out a subscription the moment I left home, a year ago. I live in a little flat on my own, my parents help out with the rent while I'm studying at secretarial college, so I've got plenty of privacy.

I have my sessions with Club two or three times a week. I get home from college, open a bottle of wine and have a long bath to get rid of the stresses of the day. Then it's time to dress up.

I have lots and lots of underwear, most of it very lacy and sheer, and some kinkier stuff which I bought on trips to London. I always dress in front of my mirrored cupboards in my bedroom, and try out lots of outfits

SILKY SLIP UPS 0898 122 102

KNOBBED THROUGH NYLON 0898 122 100

MINI SKIRT, NO KNICKERS 0898 122 103

GET IN MY KNICKERS 0898 122 101

I'LL STRIP THEM FOR YOU 0898 122 104

KNICKER SUCKERS CALL 0898 122 106

DRIPPING IN MY PANTIES 0898 122 105

HUNGRY BOTTOM

I LOVE IT IN MY AXXX!! 0898 884 228

PLAYING BETWEEN MY HAIRY LIPS!! 0898 122 128

0898 122 108

I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS 0898 122 111

My tantalising tongue 0898 122 114

I lick Betty Swallocks 0898 122 112

Forced to swallow it 0898 122 117

Deep in my throat 0898 122 113

I'll swallow your hot lot 0898 122 116

Dildo dreams 0898 122 120

Sweaty, salty mouth sex 0898 122 118

0898 122 127

Tracey only sucks the end 0898 122 115

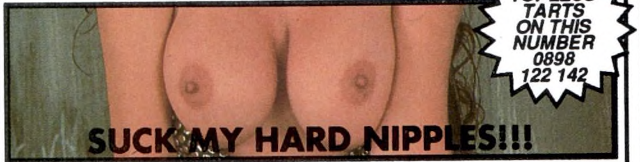
What I do with the neck of a bottle 0898 122 121

I'll go down and suck you off 0898 122 119

Fingering myself to climax 0898 122 123

My ice cube cools me down 0898 122 122

The first time I did it 0898 122 125



TOPLESS TARTS ON THIS NUMBER 0898 122 142

SUCK MY HARD NIPPLES!!! 0898 884 226

TOPLESS SHOCKER! 0898 122 140

UNCLIP MY BRA 0898 122 146

SOLID KNOCKERS 0898 122 143

BERTHA THE BUSTY WENCH 0898 122 141

DOWN MY CLEAVAGE 0898 122 147

FONDLE MY ERECT NIPPLES 0898 122 145

TEASE MY TINY TITS 0898 122 144

COTTON SPORTS BRA TO SUPPORT THIS PAIR 0898 122 148

TOSS BETWEEN MY TITS 0898 122 149

HOT, SEXY & DYING FOR IT 0898 884 218

I'LL GET YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE 0898 884 728

MY MOUTH IS OPEN READY - USE IT 0898 884 727

MY SISTER IS A LESBIAN! 0898 884 221

HOUSEWIVES COFFEE MORNING CONFESSIONS 0898 122 132

HEAR ME DO IT TO MYSELF!! 0898 122 129
LAP ME ALL UP 0898 122 110
0898 884 224

DRIPPING DOWN MY FINGERS 0898 122 124

MY SISTERS CAUGHT ME AT IT ALONE 0898 122 126

GROPE IN MY KNICKERS 0898 122 107

I'LL JERK MYSELF OFF!! 0898 884 720

LISTENERS WIVES OWN RECORDINGS 0898 122 130

LEGGY HOUSEWIFE WANTS A BIT OF ROUGH 0898 122 137

HUSBAND CAUGHT ME WITH THE POSTMAN 0898 122 136

BENT OVER SO YOU GET A FLASH OF MY CROTCHLESS ONES 0898 122 109

TIED UP ON THE LINE 0898 884 719

MY WICKED WIFE WILL TALK YOU OFF!!! 0898 884 717

WHAT MY HUSBAND DOESN'T KNOW 0898 122 138

CLASSIFIEDS

Nympho housewives do the business 0898 122 131

Newly wed bimbo takes it the hard way 0898 122 134

Bare bottom - do what you like 0898 884 716

Cream between them 0898 884 229

Shaven mistress at your disposal 0898 884 715

Fishnet Fanny wants it now! 0898 884 718

My husband can't satisfy me - can you? 0898 122 135

I'll sit on your face 0898 884 722

Fishy mongers wife needs bonking 0898 122 139

She rubbed me up & I loved it 0898 884 721

Bend over you bad boy 0898 884 723

Gymslip & wellies - now bend over 0898 884 724

I'll talk your rocks off 0898 884 725

Shaven & oiled - ready for slick lips 0898 884 215

Men needed for horny housewives 0898 884 217

I'll cool down your throbbing member 0898 884 227

BEND OVER & TAKE IT!!! 0898 884 223

MILK THEM FOR ME 0898 884 726

SPREAD MY LEGS 0898 884 216

HOLD MY BOOBS & DOME 0898 884 729

WHAT YOUR FINGERS CAN DO 0898 884 220

BONK ME OVER THE DESK 0898 884 219

FORTY & FRUSTRATED 0898 122 133

I'M BENT OVER SO YOU CAN LICK 0898 684 222

SUCKING YOU OFF 0898 884 225

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before I'm satisfied with how I look. But I usually end up in my favourite outfit: sheer, seamed black nylon stockings, which come very high up my thigh; a black suspender belt, with the straps drawn very tight; a black bustier to thrust my boobs up high, because the sight of my own cleavage always turns me on; and black silk French knickers, slit up the side so I can get the odd flash of my blonde pubic hair in the mirror.

Now I'm ready to begin, and by the way I'm also very turned on. You might have guessed that the process of getting vamped up in sexy underwear is very arousing for me. I love the feel of the stockings and tight suspenders, and the look of myself in the mirror. My pussy will probably be a little wet and my nipples will be hard.

I get on the bed and open a copy of Club at my favourite girl of the moment: currently it's Michelle from Volume 21 Number 12. She's really gorgeous, and I think I look a little like her. After looking over her body in every detail, noting her expressions, the hardness of her nipples and exactly how her pussy looks, I begin to imitate her poses in front of the mirror. I sit and look at myself with my legs demurely closed, then slowly open them, then cheekily ease the crotch of my knickers to one side so I can see my pussy. (I keep it well trimmed and totally shaved around my lips, like so many of the Club girls do.) Then I stand and slowly slip my hand down the front of my knickers to give my clit a little rub, and slide a finger inside my wet vulva. At the same time I ease one tit out of my bustier and pinch the nipple, making it even harder and more sensitive.

Then I get on all fours, pushing my bottom high in the air, and push my knickers down to my knees. I gaze at myself in the mirror: I look horny and slutty, ready to be fucked, with my arse up high and my pussy exposed. I imagine that I'm in Club, and hundreds of men are going to see me like this, showing them everything I've got. That thought gets me going so much! I put my hand down between my legs and rub my clitoris, watching myself all the time as I pull my pussy lips open to expose how pink and wet I am inside.

Now I go even further than the Club girls do. I pull my dildo out from under my pillow: it's eight inches long and very thick, shaped like a cock. I suck on it, then reach under myself and run it along my wet pussy slit. I tease myself with it for ages, imagining it's a man's cock and I'm about to be fucked for the first time. I ask him to be gentle and slide it in slowly, so that my tight little virgin pussy will be able to take all of it.

Very slowly, I push the first inch into me. In the mirror I can see it disappearing up my cunt. I beg for more, and another inch slides in, then another, then another. God, it makes me so turned on to see my pussy taking all that big false cock! Finally I have it all the way inside me, and I start to fuck myself with it, going slowly at first and then building up. I need two hands now, one to fuck myself with the dildo and another to rub my clitoris: my cheek lies flat on the bed as I look round to see myself in the mirror, taking in the fucking I'm giving myself.

Soon I'll be ready to come, but there's one last thing I like to do. I turn to the centrefold and copy exactly the position of the model – her expression, where she places her arms and legs, everything. The only difference is that I have my big dildo still in place in my pussy! I stare at the beautiful girl and stare at myself in the mirror, and imagine that I'm in her place. I am so fucking horny by now it doesn't take much to make me come; just a final thrust of the dildo in my pussy, stretching me right up to the hilt, and a fast rub of my clitoris, and I'm having an incredible orgasm, moaning and calling out the centrefold's name.

I am looking forward to being married so I can do all this in front of my husband, and he can take photographs of me and watch me masturbate. But until then I'm quite happy to have my secret sessions alone at home.
– Joanna, Hampshire

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

Pussy Party

I've been writing to my Italian penpal Claudia for nearly ten years now, and in that time we've told each other all our naughtiest secrets. We really are best friends, even though we only get to see each other every two or three years.

Our birthdays are in the same month, and with my twenty-first approaching it occurred to me how great it would be to visit Claudia in Rimini and have a double celebration with her. She loved the idea, and I arrived on a sunny evening a couple of days before the party we'd planned.

Claudia's always been pretty, but since our last meeting she'd really blossomed, and when she threw her arms around me in the airport and kissed me full on the lips I felt a spark of sexual electricity between us. Everyone was staring at us, and no wonder; we must have made quite a picture as we stood there hugging and kissing. Claudia's tall and slim, with wonderful long legs, while I'm a striking redhead with a curvy bum that drives guys wild!

Back at Claudia's apartment on the coast, we sprawled on her double bed with a bottle of wine and caught up with the gossip. She told me that her latest boyfriend, Stefano, was really highly sexed, and wanted to fuck her all the time.

"I love it," she laughed, "but sometimes it's too much even for me! Maybe I should share him with you – he's got more than enough energy to satisfy us both!"

We smiled at each other, both turned on by the idea, and suddenly Claudia's hands were running up my thighs under my skirt as we kissed. Almost before I realised what was happening, her fingers were slipping between my pussy lips and rubbing my clit, and I was coming.

I'd had thoughts about sex with Claudia for quite a while – her letters had started to include a lot of sexual detail about what she was doing with her boyfriends, how often she masturbated and so on. She'd even included a long lesbian fantasy about a girl who sounded pretty similar to me in her last letter, so what was happening wasn't a total surprise – though I'd never imagined that I'd get frigged off by my penpal on my first night in Rimini!

"I've been fantasising about doing that for ages," Claudia said. "I wanted to know how your pussy would feel and taste..." As she spoke she slid down between my legs, spreading them wide so she could see how wet my cunt was for her. I shivered with pleasure as the tip of her tongue brushed my plump lips, then began licking in earnest. I was wetter than I'd ever been in my life as she nuzzled and sucked me, bringing me to my second climax within minutes.

"I want to fuck you," I whispered when I'd recovered. "Turn on your back and show me your pussy."

Claudia pulled off her dress and lay there naked, fingering her dark haired cunt. I could feel the wetness trickling down my thighs, it was such a horny sight. Taking my vibrator from my suitcase, I switched it on and held the buzzing end against Claudia's clit. She started moaning and wriggling against it almost

immediately, and then I eased the whole ten inches inside her, a little at a time. Her tight pussy could barely take it all, but she loved it and when I thrust it in and out she went crazy!

The rest of the night was spent in the kind of lezzie scene I'd only ever dreamed about before. I sucked Claudia's pussy juice from the vibrator, then went down on her, licking and fingering her as she ate me too. It was the horniest night I'd ever known, but my holiday was just beginning...

The night of the party, Claudia and I dressed to kill in sexy dresses. We were both wearing stockings but no knickers, and Claudia looked so stunning that I had to pull her onto the bed and lick her pussy before we left. I was still feeling very aroused when we reached the villa we'd borrowed for our celebration.

We were greeted by about a dozen gorgeous guys and girls, all dressed up in skimpy, sexy outfits with that Italian sense of style and chic. Claudia introduced me to everyone, and they crowded around me, touching and caressing me as they admired 'Claudia's beautiful little friend'. I knew that Mediterranean types are very keen on kissing and hugging as a greeting, but I wasn't quite prepared for this! I felt a hand stroke my nipple and another softly rub my bottom, and then it began to dawn on me that our party was going to be more of an orgy!

A tall, broad-shouldered guy grabbed me and pulled me close. "I'm Stefano, Claudia's boyfriend," he said. "I've been looking forward to meeting you."

I could feel his cock stiffening against me as he pushed my dress off my shoulders and sucked on my boobs. The onlookers murmured their approval as he unzipped my dress and let it fall to the floor, leaving me naked except for my stockings and heels. I've never thought of myself as an exhibitionist, but as I felt the hard ridge in his trousers swell even more I just had to go for it.

Kneeling in front of him, I unzipped his flies and pulled out the thickest cock I'd ever set eyes on. He groaned as I circled my wet tongue around the tip, then opened wide and swallowed it an inch at a time. It was so huge that even when I'd taken as much of it as I could manage, there was still plenty of room to wrap my hand around the shaft and wank him off into my mouth.

From the soft moans and sounds of pleasure, I guessed that plenty of the others were getting off on watching Stefano fuck my face. As for myself, I was dripping, and when one of the other guys crouched behind me and slid two fingers into my cunt I started coming and coming.

Claudia appeared behind Stefano, squeezing his balls and urging me on to suck him harder and faster.

"Drink his spunk," she told me. "There'll be plenty more..." And there was. As he shot his first salty load in my mouth, she told me to keep sucking, and to my surprise he stayed hard.

"I want to fuck your cunt," he said, pulling me on top of him. Claudia gripped his cock and guided it up into me as I slowly sank down on it. It felt massive inside me, and I started coming again before he even moved it!

Claudia sat on his face and the two of us fondled each other's boobs as Stefano fucked us both, me with his monster dick and Claudia with his tongue. The others had formed a circle around us, and when I wasn't busy kissing Claudia I could see that they were all really turned on. Most of the guys had already got their cocks out and were wanking as they watched us, and one girl was getting fingered by two men at once. I saw her start to come just as I felt a stiff cock rub against my back and start to spurt hot spunk over me.

Then another guy took my hand and wrapped it around his prick, babbling something in Italian – I'm not sure what he was saying, but I'm pretty

sure it was something really filthy! I jerked him off, pointing his cock right at Claudia as it began to erupt, spraying her boobs with his come. We were just close enough to rub our bodies together, and soon my tits were covered in spunk too!

A cute blonde girl began to suck it off my stiff nipples, and as her hands worked their way down to my pussy and stroked my clit, I had my biggest orgasm yet. Stefano thrust up into me really hard as he felt my pussy muscles clench around his cock, and then I was flooded with his second load of spunk as he came deep inside me.

I barely had time to catch my breath before the blonde girl pulled me off him and began to suck his come out of my cunt. Claudia was watching, ordering the girl to push her tongue further up me, while Stefano was still eating her out. Meanwhile, I could see another girl on her hands and knees, getting vigorously screwed by a guy with a long, thin dick, and it looked like fun!

I got on my knees and smiled at a dark haired guy I'd noticed when I first arrived. He got the message at once, and seconds later his helmet was pushing between my pussy lips as his fingers stroked my clit. He was wearing leather trousers, his cock poking out through the fly, and the feeling of the warm, shiny leather rubbing against my bum with each stroke was amazing!

I still wanted more though, and I beckoned another fella over to feed his meat between my lips. Then I was happy, with one rigid cock ramming my pussy, another one filling my mouth and countless fingers and tongues touching me all over.

A girl right beside me was getting her cunt licked by Claudia, while Stefano, who was certainly living up to what she'd told me, wanked over them. But he didn't get a chance to spunk over them before the cute blonde pushed him onto his back and straddled him. She held her pussy wide open as he thrust up into her, stretching her to the limit.

The guy I was sucking pulled out of my mouth as he started to come, aiming the hot gushes at my face, neck and boobs. I caught some on my tongue, and let the rest rain down on me and the girl who'd been playing with my nipples for a while. Then the guy who was fucking my cunt gave an extra-hard thrust and drenched me with his jism. I could feel it running down the insides of my thighs as I came again – that moment when I feel a guy's come pumping into me always sets me off.

"It's time for the birthday cake now!" Claudia said, and a couple of the girls rushed off giggling, returning a moment later with a massive, cream covered cake. A dozen pairs of hands lifted me up and lay me on my back on the long table, and then I really did lose control as Claudia smeared my boobs with a layer of the cream and said, "Georgio, lick it off."

A sexy ginger haired boy sucked on my nipples, lashing them with his tongue until all the cream was gone. Then Claudia did the same thing, and this time the blonde girl licked up the cream. She went right around the circle, not forgetting her own turn of course!

Then she took a handful of cream and rubbed it between my thighs, coating my pussy mound and lips. Georgio took his turn again, lapping up the cream like a cat and sucking on my throbbing clit until I wanted to scream. I could see he had a massive erection and I wanted to feel it inside me, but Claudia wasn't going to let me get fucked until every person in the room had eaten my creamy pussy. And by that time I'd come so much that the table top was covered in a pool of my pussy juice, mingled with the cream and spunk I'd already been soaked with.

At last I had to beg Claudia, "Please give me a cock! I need to get fucked!"

"Well, it is your birthday!" she smiled as she nodded to Georgio to get up on the table with me and give me what I craved. I could taste myself on his lips as he kissed me, pressing his dick into me over and over and fucking me until I came before twice he shot his load.

By the time the cake was all eaten, I'd been fucked by every guy in the room more than once, and been licked out by all the girls.

I was delirious with pleasure and exhaustion when Stefano and Claudia finally took me home and put me to bed with them both.

"The first thing you'll see when you wake up in the morning is my cock, hard for you," promised Stefano, and he kept his word.

I'm still not quite sure how Claudia managed to arrange such a sensational party for me, but I'll never forget it! – *Lorraine, Rotherham*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

All For One

I am constantly amazed at the number of people out there who are involved in wife-swapping and group sex. The way the media portray it, it's certainly got a bad name in the Nineties, but ever since I attended my first orgy in 1986, I've loved it.

I'm now 25, and would you believe that I went to my first group sex session when I was 19? I'd been married to my husband Jeff for about six months then: we'd always been very open about our fantasies and sexual desires, and I'd known for ages that Jeff (who's ten years older than me) had a bit of a past where that sort of thing was concerned. He'd given it up when he met me, as he didn't know what my reaction would be. After all, most husbands would probably think their wives would be horrified at the suggestion that they fuck another man. But Jeff reckoned without my huge sexual appetite and curiosity about group sex. When he tentatively suggested that we go and party with some of his 'old friends', as he put it, I could see he was pretty shocked at my eagerness.

I could hardly wait for the day to arrive, and because I was determined to look my best I went and had the full beauty treatment at my local salon. I was feeling so sexy and turned on anyway that when I was having my pedicure I could hardly keep still in my seat (I've always found having my feet played with very erotic). It was very difficult keeping my excitement private, since I was so flushed and my nipples were poking out through my thin sweater, and I could swear the manicurist guessed something was up. I knew that when it came to the group sex session, there was no way I'd be able to hold back even for a moment.

When we found ourselves walking through the door of Jeff's friends Paula and Gerry's house, I thought how lucky it was that their place was pretty isolated, being set well back from the road with the nearest neighbours several hundred yards away. The party was already in full swing and pretty noisy, and the sight of some of the guests who were arriving at the same time as us made my heart turn over with excitement. Particularly some of

the women... I knew that before the evening was out, I'd be making love with another woman for the first time, as well as participating in my first orgy. If I'd have been wearing any panties, they'd have been soaking wet before we were even through the door.

It didn't take long for me to attract the attention of quite a few of the party-goers when Jeff introduced me around a crowd of people who were congregated in one of the downstairs rooms. I must admit that I really was looking my best in a tight PVC black dress that clung as tight as the acres of smooth skin that I was revealing. I'd had to have help from Jeff to lever me into it, with plenty of fragrant talc splashed all over me too, and of course there was no way that I could wear any underwear. I revelled in the feeling of my skin against the material every step I walked, and I was so hot and horny that when the first guy approached me I started snogging him almost straight away.

With Jeff – and just about everyone else in the room – watching closely, the guy who was tonguing me (I never did find out his name) ran his hands up over the whole of my body as he pressed himself right up close to me, his mouth working in hot, wet circles across my face and neck and blowing in my ear. At the same time, I felt another pair of hands stroking my thighs, pushing my dress up around my waist and exploring the wet folds of my love hole. I knew it was a woman, as the nails were too long to be male. It was the first time any woman's hand had touched my cunt, and I started to pant as they expertly manipulated my stiff clitty, making me squirm against the guy kissing me in a frenzy.

I glanced down and saw that it was Paula, the hostess, tending to my cunt. She certainly knew what she was doing as she replaced her fingers with her tongue, touching the tip of it on to my throbbing clit then running it down the length of my oozing slit until she had pushed it right inside me, fucking me with it until I was begging for mercy – or a cock in my mouth to keep me busy.

There was no shortage of takers for the task, and the next minute I'd been lifted on to my back and was lying on a thick white fur rug in the centre of the room, my dress totally removed and my legs spread wide, showing off my neatly trimmed minge and wide, wet, gaping love hole for the whole room to see. I loved the sensation of everyone staring at me lasciviously, wanting to be the ones touching, caressing, stroking and then fucking me.

"Who's first?" I said, reaching down and playing with my clitty to keep the orgasmic sensations going. "I've been waiting for this for weeks!"

A group of about four men and at least as many women had gathered around me, all in varying states of undress, all looking as aroused as human beings could possibly be, the men with erections sticking out hard from their bodies, the women with eyes glazed and nipples poking out stiffly from their boobs. Suddenly there were hands all over me, rubbing every erogenous zone on my body, feeling their way into every crevice and cranny – between my legs, under my boobs, just at the top of my love mound, behind my knees, everywhere. My whole body was engulfed in a tidal wave of sexual excitement, and I was shaking violently as orgasm after orgasm racked my body.

That was when the orgy really started in earnest. I closed my eyes, lay back and let myself drown in the sensation of a thick cock pushing my love lips apart as another filled my mouth and started pumping in and out. I sucked hard on it, taking it right back into my throat, tasting the musky pre-come that was oozing out of the tip as the pubic hair tickled my face.

The guy I was sucking groaned as I reached up and massaged his balls to quicken the arrival of his orgasm, and it was only a few minutes until, excited beyond control at the sight of me playing with myself a few moments before, he came in my mouth.

I put on a real show for the watchers, swilling his come around in my mouth, relishing the taste of it on my tongue, then swallowing down every last drop before licking my lips and gasping out, "More!" I had only seconds to wait before another fat cock pushed between my lips.

At the same time, the cock that was fucking my soaking cunny was gaining speed and rhythm, digging deeper and deeper inside me as Gerry (yes, it was our host) got nearer to his orgasm. The watching crowd were going wild, cheering and shouting encouragement to us as they drank in the sight of me being fucked both in my mouth and in my cunt. Seeing all their eyes on me as I was penetrated from both ends took me right over the edge; my yells were only slightly muffled by that big cock in my mouth as I came hard, grinding my arse and pussy against Gerry as he rammed into me.

"I'm coming," Gerry groaned, and pulled his cock out of my cunt before thrusting it between the waiting lips of a blonde woman who was kneeling in front of him, eagerly awaiting the moment when he unloaded his balls into her mouth. I watched his creamy come spurt out, and saw her throat arch as she strained to catch every last drop and swallow it, just as I'd done only a few minutes before. But what a horny sight to watch another woman do it!

I couldn't hold myself back. I leapt over to where she was kneeling and knelt up

to face her, my tongue working all over her face, licking up the stray scraps of come which had escaped from the corners of her mouth, then plunged my tongue between her lips and started to French kiss her like there was no tomorrow.

The sight of that was the signal for all hell to break loose in the room, and probably the rest of the house too, for all I knew. All around me echoed the sound of sucking and fucking, which just spurred me on even further. I manoeuvred myself into a hot, sticky 69 with Debbie – I later found out she was Gerry's mistress! – my mouth opening wide over her cunt lips as I sucked all her delicious love juices up. She did the same for me, working the tip of her tongue all around my clitty and slit, then pushing it as deep inside me as she could, making me moan with delight.

My climaxes were hitting every minute now, each one stronger than the last, my whole body convulsing with them. And the eager crowd were still keeping one eye on us as they indulged in their own dirty pleasures. There was one couple next to me who were fucking in a kneeling position, and out of the corner of my eye I watched the guy's cock shoving in and out of his partner's dripping pussy, her big boobs jiggling about as she gripped his shoulders and howled out for all she was worth as he made her come.

On the other side, Jeff was taking on two girls at once, fingering both their cunts as they jointly wanked him, their hands working in perfect dual rhythm along the length of his shaft, caressing each ball and making him gasp out with pleasure as he felt his come rising inside him. I saw him shoot his come over both girls' boobs, and they tongued each other like cats, gobbling up his whole load – then the randy pair started on him again, sucking his cock back to hardness and working both their mouths over it, kissing each other and tonguing him at the same time. I'd hardly ever seen him look so totally satisfied.

I was on top in my 69 with Debbie, my firm, taut bum sticking in the air. It proved too much of a temptation for a guy called James, who had spent most of the party walking around naked, masturbating himself and wearing nothing but a dog collar around his neck. Before I knew it, he'd slipped his thick shaft right inside my tight cunt and was pumping me with all his might, panting with the effort, his balls slapping against my arse with every vigorous thrust. It didn't take him long to come, my cunt muscles tightening around his shaft as his hot spurts shot inside me – and almost as soon as he'd pulled his cock out of me, it was replaced by another, longer and thinner this time, but no less satisfying.

Debbie's tongue was still working away inside me too, and the motion of that combined with also being fucked by a cock just sent me wild with lust. I'd never had orgasms that strong, and doing all this in front of a whole host of other couples who were behaving just as dirtily as I was made everything twice as exciting.

But the time Debbie had exhausted herself with coming from the ministrations of my tongue, I'd had another load of spunk shot into me, and the smell of sex in the hot and crowded room was overwhelming. To round off the evening, Jeff fucked me standing up in front of everyone, wrapping my legs around his waist and really getting deep inside me with his cock. The cheers that greeted our little sex show were deafening.

Naturally, one orgy wasn't enough for me, and since then they've been a regular feature of my sex life with Jeff. Perhaps I ought to get some of our friends to write in with their stories too – I'm sure they'd be more than enough to turn your readers on! – *Caroline, Petersfield* ♣

SEX

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HARD-SEX AND MORE HARD-SEX

by Jan Rostrup

Private Organisation, Denmark's most successful producers of hard-porn videos and Europe's biggest suppliers are now importing direct to UK.

Their reputation, however, is not as strong in the UK as the rest of Europe, they have therefore developed an exciting new marketing policy for UK customers only, that of giving away — yes — giving away thousands of hard-porn tapes to establish themselves in the UK.

Each of these videos is 180 minutes long and can only be described as hard-core pornography, and will be of interest to UK buyers looking for the genuine article.

Like you, I have been used to seeing the usual UK rubbish we laughingly call 'pornographic.' I was quite shocked by the explicit detail in the Private Organisation Videos.

I would add a warning that if you are not used to viewing such explicit pornography as shown in these European videos, especially those produced by Private Organisation, then you should not purchase as their content might offend you.

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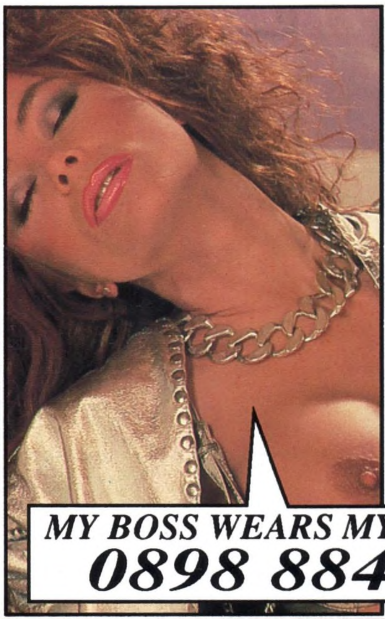

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UNFAITHFUL CONFESSIONS
0898 777 917
I'LL GO ALL THE WAY
0898 777 918
I LOVE IT UP MY A***!
0898 777 928
SUCK ON MY JUICY TITS
0898 777 929
SHAVE ME THEN BONK ME!!!
0898 884 615
MY WIFE'S HANDS EXCITE
0898 884 617
I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH
0898 884 616
I'LL TONGUE YOUR TIP
0898 884 622
CREAM DOWN MY STOCKINGS
0898 884 628

ME & MY DIRTY BOOBS 0898 884 303

SEXY IN SILK 0898 884 304

I'LL MAKE YOU CLIMAX 0898 884 305

SPREAD OPEN & READY 0898 777 878

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THIGH HIGH BOOTS, *uniform & very dominant* 0898 777 924

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I'M RAMPANT *& randy call me now* 0898 884 618

THE *office coffee lady likes it the hard way* 0898 884 619

7 INCH *vibro, hear it purr inside me on* 0898 884 620

LADY LATEX *gets you on all fours & rides you* 0898 884 624

LESBIANS *first time - hear it on* 0898 884 302

I WANT YOU *to spurt in my hand* 0898 884 306

RUB *it between my gorgeous melons* 0898 884 310

HAVE *the dirtiest time of your life on* 0898 884 312

BENT *over so you can have a peek* 0898 884 708

LESBIAN *lickers love it* 0898 777 881

OILED *up nympho needs talking off* 0898 884 713

LETS *put our masks on & get at it* 0898 777 884

DIRTY BUM *taken over the desk* 0898 777 919

SEX *talk for your boob fetish* 0898 777 926

MY WIFE *loves a good spanking* 0898 884 623

DD BRA BUSTERS *need nussling in* 0898 884 626

LICK *my pussy's pouting lips* 0898 884 627

TAKE *my clothes off* 0898 884 308

A BIT *of fanny in the office* 0898 884 701

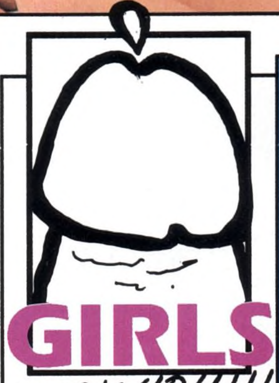
SATISFY *me from behind* 0898 884 709

THE *sounds of hard self sex* 0898 884 712

T.V. *talks dirty for you* 0898 884 714

FROLICING *with my fingers* 0898 777 880

SPOUSE *wants w*nking* 0898 777 883



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OPEN *my legs & get between them*
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I'LL SPREAD YOUR LEGS & LICK YOUR BALL BAGS!!!
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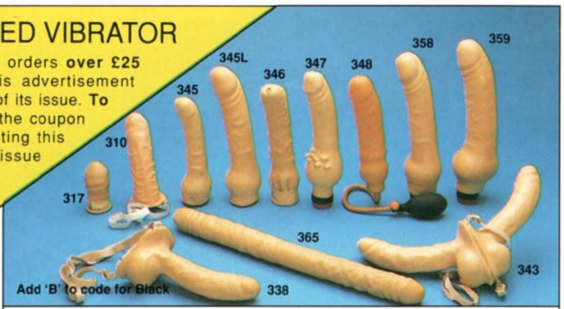

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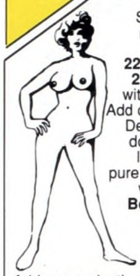

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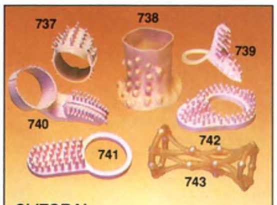

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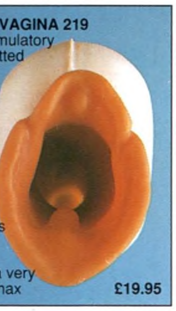
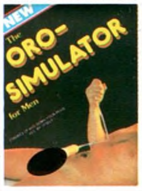


ORO-SIMULATOR 254



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I'LL SIT ON IT 0898 900 506

PHONE - A BUST 0898 884 326

CLASSIFIED

Hold onto my wobbly ones 0898 900 510

I'll do what the wife won't 0898 900 511

Sex with the secretary 0898 777 819

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You thrust, I'll swallow 0898 777 822

Bimbo in lycra 0898 900 504

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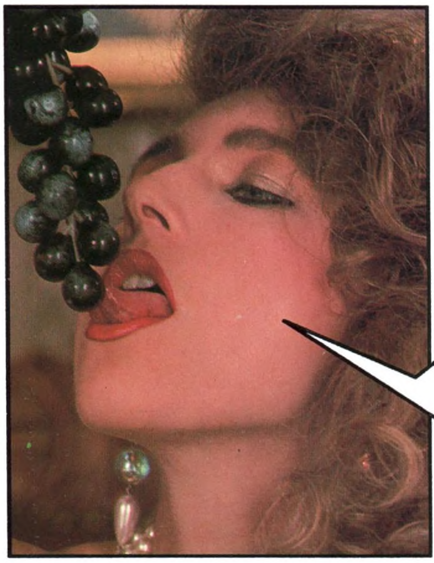

I LOVE TO DO IT ALONE!!! 0898 884 320

AMPLE ASSETS 0898 884 329

I ALWAYS NEED ATTENTION 0898 900 513

RAUNCHY SEX SOUNDS 0898 884 317

I'LL FONDLE YOUR STIFF ROD 0898 884 323

MY MOUTH IS FULL!!! 0898 884 322

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 327

SUCK MY LACY PANTIES 0898 884 200

MASTURBATION SPECIAL 0898 884 205

PULL ON YOUR PUDDING 0898 884 206

TUG ON MY TITTIES 0898 884 210

DREAM OVER THE SHEETS 0898 884 208

CROSS DRESS FOR SEX 0898 884 214

I'M EXHIBITING MYSELF 0898 777 816

PHONE A GROAN 0898 777 820

MY DIRTY STICKY BITS!!! 0898 900 500

I'LL UNLOAD YOUR LOT 0898 900 507

FRUSTRATED HOUSEWIFE 0898 777 817

DRESS FOR DISIPLINE 0898 777 823

ALL GIRL STRAP ON PARTY 0898 777 821

CLASSIFIEDS

Women watch each other masturbate 0898 900 502

I'll tell you what I'm doing over the phone 0898 900 512

Shaven minge growing back stubbly & sharp 0898 777 815

Let me know your fetish & we will act it out 0898 777 824

My tongue will make you tingle 0898 777 827

Mature lady in a girdle - if your into older women 0898 884 204

I've done it all - totally experienced 0898 884 211

Pull my panties to one side & poke me 0898 884 328

I'm always ready for business 0898 884 318

I'm on all fours - do the bizz 0898 884 212

Dirty nympho's friday night 0898 884 213

Shaven bald & ready to climax 0898 884 315

Lusty red head in wet latex 0898 884 324

I'm on my knees begging for it 0898 884 325

Let me fondle your horny bulge 0898 900 508

Transvestite will tell you tales 0898 900 514

One large willy in my mouth 0898 777 825

Naughty knickers & red high heels 0898 777 828

Dial me and do it between them 0898 777 829

Don't just sit there - call me 0898 777 818

My bottom for your pleasure 0898 900 509

Be firm with me - master 0898 900 503

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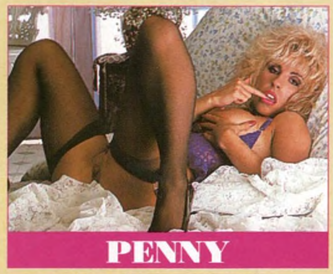
PART MY MOIST LIPS 0898 884 316

RAM IT IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 207

JULIE

ORAL SEX - 'I'LL SWALLOW IT'
0898 204 217



PENNY

'EASE IT UP ME - PLEASE'
0898 77 11 83

NANCY

STRIP ME THEN XXXX ME
0898 77 11 84

KATE

PLEASE LICK MY PUSSY
0898 204 216

FANNY

EX-NURSE WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0898 77 11 29

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2. **FINGER MY FANNY**
   Sue (Maidenhead) 0898 77 11 37
3. **POKE ME FROM BEHIND**
   Linda (Rochdale) 0898 77 11 82
4. **HUSBAND WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY 2 FRIENDS**
   Lucy (Cardiff) 0898 77 11 41
5. **DOGGY STYLE PUMPING ACTION**
   Debby (Leeds) 0898 77 11 02
6. **CUM BETWEEN MY TITS**
   Tina (London) 0898 77 11 43
7. **TWO WET PUSSIES FOR STEVE**
   Jill (Norwich) 0898 77 11 44
8. **RUDE GIRL LOVES FIRM HAND**
   Janey (Manchester) 0898 77 11 05
9. **SHAVE ME THEN FILL ME - PLEASE**
   June (Droitwich) 0898 77 11 06
10. **WIFE SUCKS NEIGHBOUR**
    Tina (Sheffield) 0898 77 11 47
11. **18 YEAR OLD BUSTY BLONDE MASTURBATES**
    Brenda (Woking) 0898 77 11 51
12. **YOUR TONGUE IN MY BUSH**
    Tricia (Brighton) 0898 77 11 52
13. **HE WEARS HER SEE THRU PANTIES - SHE PLAYS WITH HIM**
    Liz (Belfast) 0898 77 11 70
14. **18 YEAR OLD'S FIRST ORGASM**
    Helen (Newcastle) 0898 77 11 13
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    Betty & Jim (Gloucester) 0898 77 11 55
16. **I NEED BIG MEN TO SATISFY ME**
    Joannie (Huddersfield) 0898 77 11 15
17. **HE LICKS WIFE WHILE HER FRIEND SUCKS HIM**
    (Edinburgh) 0898 77 11 57
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    (Maidenhead) 0898 77 11 58
19. **BETWEEN MY PARTED CHEEKS**
    Sarah (London) 0898 77 11 18
20. **ORAL SEX - CUM IN MY MOUTH**
    Lisa (Birmingham) 0898 77 11 24

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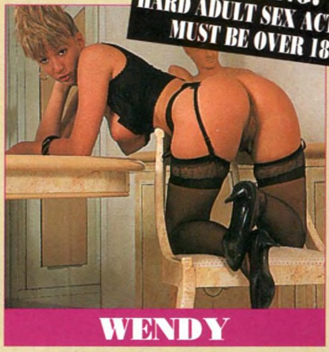


WENDY

I'M WET, YOU'RE STIFF - CALL ME
0898 77 11 97

LUCY

OLDER WOMAN WANTS RUDE SEX
0898 77 11 36

SINDY

RIDING INSTRUCTRESS NEEDS RIDE
0898 77 11 38

TAMMI

BIG BREASTS, ANY POSITION
0898 77 11 39

MANDY

FILL MY WET PUSSY
0898 77 11 40

Horny 18yr old talks filthy 0338 405 512

HEAR ME MASTURBATE 0338 405 565

lick my shaven pussy 0338 405 532

secretary needs shagging 0338 405 582

direct sex contacts 0338 405 509

spank my fat arse 0338 405 506

lesbian spanking special 0338 405 504

Unzip & get it out 0338 405 563

I'll strip - you masturbate 0338 405 579

older woman gives head 0338 405 537

I'll masturbate you to climax 0338 405 524

wife will w**k you 0338 405 508

after 2 explicit lesbians 0338 400 160

after 12.00 Oral spurt club 0338 400 130

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE 0338 405 505

ORAL SEX Unload in my mouth 0338 405 501

Anita 18 strips Tracy 19 naked 0338 405 515

Filthy dirty sordid lesbian SEX 0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB 0338 405 547

UNCENSORED SPUNKY ORGASMIC SEX CONFESSIONS 0338 405 555

HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY 2 GUYS 0338 405 503

CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 36P CHEAP RATE 48P ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

CALLERS EXPLICIT SEX CONFESSIONS 0836 400 851

MY FANNY ON YOUR FACE 0836 400 783

Debee Ashby gives handjob 0836 400 932

hear me masturbate myself 0836 400 690

MY WIFE (25) TONGUED MY SISTER (18) 0836 400 870

PART MY BUTTOCKS & INSERT 0836 400 676

SUZI (20) SUCKS PAM (18) 0836 400 761

LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES ORGY 0836 400 811

big boobed tit W**k 0338 400 773

Do it to me doggystyle 0836 400 768

AFTER 12 STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0836 400 826

Suck my nipples 0338 400 807

BONK ME SORE 0836 400 794

Let's masturbate together 0836 400 762

AFTER 2 MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

2 GIRLS 1 DILDO = ORGASM 0338 400 797

Lesbian pussy action 0338 400 892

Spank my bare arse 0338 400 730

ORAL SEX - SPURT IN MY MOUTH 0338 400 999

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

Fiona Wright investigates

EUROPEAN MAGAZINES AT UNDER ½ PRICE

THE bowler hat boys in Brussels have done it again!

Now they are allowing more and more of the import rules to slip, and I've got hold of the very best of Europe's Hot 'n' Hard magazines.

Many of the titles you will recognise as European classics, although I doubt you've had the chance to get your hands on them before, but I guarantee you won't recognise the prices!

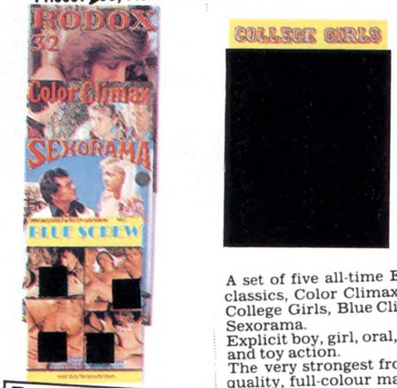
You will never get a better bargain—all these magazines are available to you today at a ***fraction of the prices*** they will be when they hit the streets later this year.

To get around import restrictions, I've had to offer these very explicit magazines in sets, but this will also reduce transport and handling costs, so that they can come to you even cheaper.

Order your copies of Europe's very best magazines and beat the rest to true European porn.

Euro Set One

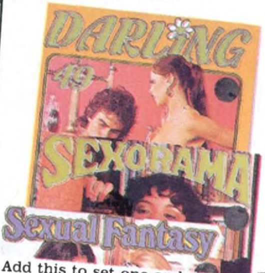
Prices: ~~£50~~; Fiona Offer Price: £14.95*



A set of five all-time European classics, Color Climax, Sextra, College Girls, Blue Climax and Sexorama.
Explicit boy, girl, oral, lesbian and toy action.
The very strongest from top-quality, full-colour mags.

Euro Set Two

Prices: ~~£30~~;
Fiona Offer Price: £7.95*



*Extra Special Fiona Offer: Set One and Set Two—only £20.95

Add this to set one and you'll be the proud owner of the ultimate European magazine collection. Three more titles, the extra-special Darling Edition and classic Lesbian Love and Sexual Fantasy. Strong stuff at the incredible price of only £7.95.

ORDER NOW BY CREDIT CARD
(All major cards accepted)
081-534 8855

Premier Set

Prices: ~~£70~~
Fiona Offer Price: £19.95

PLEASURE
NUMBER ONE
MAGASIN
Snob
SEXORAMA
Lady
STIMULATION
GIRLS
33

Blue Screw, Stimulation, Schul-Mädchen, Lady F***, Teeners from Holland, Teenage Student-girls - *six of the best!* What a collection! Be warned, this set must only be bought by the most sexually liberated readers. Nothing is left to the imagination in these European Specials. Every Conceivable sex act in every conceivable position in close-up. All colour action.

Beefcake Set

Price: ~~£35~~
Fiona Offer Price: £14.95

HARD & HORNY
PAY BOYS

A Euro-American mix of the biggest, beefiest men in this four-magazine set. I'd never seen anything like it, and you can bet I didn't give my copies back! We are talking big in every department; and so explicit it made me go weak, but not for long!

WARNING: These mags contain strong European and American close-up action shots, please do not purchase if sexually explicit material of this hard nature would cause offence. We cannot print all the covers of these magazines as they are not suitable. For sale to adults aged 18 and over only.

Bra Breaker Set

Prices: ~~£20~~
Fiona Offer Price: £9.95

50+
EXTRA Nr. 6
Golden Girl
AMAZONS

Massive Mammaries, Jumbo Jugs, Titanic Tits—call them what you like, this pack of five mags is the very best of Continental huge-tit action—soaping, bathing, showering, hanging, oiling, two-somes, three-somes, everything for the big-boob enthusiast at an unbelievable price.

Contact Sets – half price

5-Magazine Set, Only £7.95 **10-Magazine Set, Only £14.95**

64 PAGES
UP-DATE
SEX CONNECTIONS
JET SCENE
NOW MORE ADVERTS
The All-New COLOUR Sex Directory
NATIONWIDE SEX CONTACTS
LONELY LADIES
YOUR LOCAL AREA CONTACT DIRECTORY
HOUSEWIVES SPECIAL
CONTACT!
GREAT BRITAIN'S FINEST ALL COLOUR CONFIDENTIAL CONTACT AD SERVICE

British is still best in the adult contact market, and these mags are the best of the best. Packed with the most liberated male, females and couples looking for new partners for mutual satisfaction. Every conceivable sexual preference is covered, so get your New Year off to a bang and join the ever-increasing army of Britain's Sexually Liberated. Direct access to direct action!

Order now and save yourself ££££s. All you have to do is fill in the coupon below with your name and address and tick the mags that you require. They will be sent back to you in plain brown paper so that only you are aware of the contents. Please send postal order or cheque, made payable to *M.O. DIVISION* and post to: *M.O. DIVISION, FIONA WRIGHT, 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE.*

☎ **Three naughty Housewives . . .**
pure pleasure 0898 770 214
Calls charged at 36p a minute cheap rate, 48p a minute at all other times

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Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

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Please send me the following magazines under plain cover:

Premier Set £19.95 + £2.05 p&p .... ☐
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I enclose Cheque/PO made payable to M.O.Division for
*£*________
(Please write your address on reverse of cheques)

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

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________________ Postcode ________________

I am over 18 and fully aware of the nature of these magazines and agree not to show them to minors________________Signed.

1687

Do it while...

HEAR ME DO IT	0338 402 994
LET'S W**K TOGETHER	0338 402 993
MY VIBRATOR'S UP ME	0338 404 790
W**K MY WIFE	0338 402 996
MY HAND WILL EXCITE	0338 40 30 84
TEENAGE LESBIAN SEX	0338 40 30 96

Do it to me doggystyle 0338 40 30 95

WIFE OPEN LEGS STIFF NIPPLES 0338 403 094

ORAL SEX- Come in my mouth 0338 404 794

UNCENSORED Orgasmic Listeners Letters 0338 402 992

FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY	0338 40 30 97
FILTHY DIRTY SEX CONFESSIONS	0338 40 30 99
UNZIP AND SHOW ME YOURS	0338 40 30 92
JANE & MARIES DILDO ORGY	0338 404 787
SPANKED RAW SHAFTED SORE	0338 402 999
AFTER 12 DIRTY FILTHY SEX	0338 40 30 83

I'LL STRIP YOU SPANK 0338 40 30 91

0338 404 792

... my hubby watches

Calls Charged Per Minute 36p Cheap Rate 48p At All Other Times Franstar Ltd PO Box 2DH London W1A 2DH

PUT IT IN MY MOUTH	0338 402 791
BEND ME OVER THE DESK	0338 402 596
SHAVE ME THEN XXXX ME	0338 402 697
SECRETARY NEEDS SPANKING	0338 402 450
SISTER WILL SUCK YOU OFF	0338 402 452
1 WIFE 2 GUYS = SEX	0338 402 695
UNFAITHFUL HOUSEWIVES	0338 402 594
FINGERED TO ORGASM	0338 402 792
AFTER 9 - BIG BOYS SPECIAL	0338 402 769

MASTURBATE WITH ME 0338 402 794

ORAL SEX I'LL SUCK YOURS DRY 0338 402 431

I'LL SUCK YOU TO CLIMAX	0338 402 779
I'LL TALK FILTHY YOU W**K	0338 402 451
GIRLS WHO SUCK 2 GUYS	0338 402 598
JILL & KATE SHAVEN LESBIANS	0338 402 699
SPURT IN MY FACE - BIG BOY	0338 402 456

100% GENUINE Lesbian Nurses Orgy 0338 402 694

ADULT XXX RATED

COME OVER MY BUM 0338 402 761

BLONDE 18YR OLD NEEDS SHAFTING 0338 402 439

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB

POUR HOMMES

LE CUL DE CHARLOTTE VOUS BOTTE

NEW YORK: CROQUEZ LA GROSSE POMME PERVERSE!

VIDA BATIFOLE DANS LE FOIN

LA PATRONNE ET LA SOUBRETTE SE FONT MINETTE

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB,OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

THE NATIONAL SEX HOT BOX

NO ADVERTS NO PRE WARNINGS ... JUST HARD / LIVE SEX ACTION

LISTEN IN TO GAY SEX CHATS
0898 442 397

NYMPHO LESBIANS DOING IT LIVE
0898 442 840

0898 442 895
LISTEN TO ME COME AS I SHAVE MYSELF

CUM ALL OVER MY TITS !!
0898 442 533

ORAL GOBBLING CHAMPIONSHIP RECORDING
0898 442 534

SPECIALIST SEX TALK
[ORAL GOBBLING DONE LIVE]
0898 442 894

USED PANTIES
[YOU CAN EVEN BUY THEM]
0898 442 884

I WILL GIVE YOU A TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898
442
399

SEX TALK
I will be your SEX SLAVE
0898 442 819

RIP OFF MY PANTIES & DO ME
0898 442 415

DOGGY FASHION SEX TALK
0898 442 906

TWO GIRLS TWO TONGUES
0898 442 544

SEX DATE
IMMEDIATE COMPUTER SEARCH
NOW
0898 442 398

2 LESBIANS USING THE DOUBLE ENDED DILDO- GENUINE
0898 442 412

COMPUTERISED SEX MACHINE TO MAKE YOU CUM IN TWO MINUTES
0898 442 987

SEX TALK PUSSY POKERS
0898 442 845

EXTREME SEX
ALL FANTASIES EXPLOITED
0898 442 414

FREE SEX VIDEO
(DELIVERY 14 DAYS)
DIAL 0898 442 896
TO ORDER

NO ADVERTS
NO WARNINGS
NO NONSENSE
ALL HARD ACTION

FREE
SEX CHAT
LIVE ONE TO ONE
081 871 2181

I DO IT LIVE WHILE YOU LISTEN & CUM
0898 442 891

JACK- OFF JILL
HAVE A BAR OF SOAP READY
DIAL 0898 442 893

I'LL TAKE IT ALL IN MY MOUTH	0898 442 897
DIRTY HOUSEWIVES SOUNDS	0898 442 887
TWO GIRL SEX WITH TOYS!	0898 442 449
I CAN TAKE IT ALL UP ME	0898 442 413
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES	0898 442 876

"FREE" All free products mean you do pay the 0898 charges

0272 226044

LIVE OR RECORDED LIVE

STG. P.O.BOX 242. LONDON SWI5 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS
0898 442 012

LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 013

DOMINATION
0898 442 014

CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 300 850

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only.
- No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 015

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 717
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX TALK-AND-LISTEN

HERE ME SHAVE
0898 362 671

DOGGY TALK
0898 362 694

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 442 711

LISTEN TO SEX SCREAM
0898 362 550

2 GIRLS FIGHT FOR 1 DILDO
0898 442 017

INSIDE MY PANTIES
0898 442 018

TRY A ROUGH & HARD RIDE GO
0898 442 019

DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME
0898 442 020

SPECIAL

MEET THE SEX TALK GIRLS AT YOUR PLACE!
0898 442 170 &
0898 700 306
WHAT THEY DO

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 442 016

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 100 401
Older Woman
0898 100 402
Domination Talk
0898 100 412
Meet Us!
0898 100 451

DOMINATE ME, DO ME ANYTHING NOW
0898 442 779

SPECIALS

DIRTY NOISES	0898 100 452
SEX YELLS	0898 100 454
HARD SHAVE	0898 100 455
YARD DOG	0898 100 472

RIP OFF MY CLOTHES

CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG., P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

FREE*

OUR ONE HOUR SEX VIDEO

0898 442 737 [24HRS] TO ORDER

The girls will ask you for a reference No. Quote the Reference ADXX

WHY CAN WE GIVE YOU A FREE VIDEO ??

1. OUR FILMS ARE SO GOOD WE KNOW YOU WILL ORDER MORE.
2. IT IS COPYRIGHT FREE SO YOU ARE ALLOWED TO MAKE COPIES TO SELL TO THE PUBS & CLUBS. (WHICH IS MORE ADVERTISING FOR US THANKS)
3. THE VIDEO IS 25% ADVERTISING FOR ADULT GOODS & YOU ARE BOUND TO WANT TO BUY SOMETHING.
4. A GLOSSY CATALOGUE COSTS AS MUCH TO PRINT AS RUNNING OFF COPIES OF OUR ADULT PROMOTION VIDEO'S - so we arn't giving much away are we?
5. BY DIALLING AN 0898 No THE GIRLS CAN TALK DIRTY IF YOU WANT.
IF YOU DONT LIKE THE THING - KEEP IT AS A BLANK FOR YOURSELF AND FORGET IT!

NOTE : YOU MUST ORDER BY PHONE SO WE CAN TELL FROM YOUR VOICE THAT YOU ARE OVER 18 WE ARE NOT TAKING RISKS BY SENDING THESE OUT ON A COUPON..
* NOTE - You do have to pay the call charges charged

ADULT PROMOTIONS , P. O . BOX 242 , LONDON SW15 2RJ Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate and 48p per min at all other times

RELIEF LINE

Run by women for men only

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!

0898 442 183

*YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS.

LIVE DIAL Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours

WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755

LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT 0898 362 575

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY	442 186
LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN	442 746
BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP	442 759
GENERAL SEX LINE	442 741

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

NO nonsense NO run around

Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure

0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!

0898 362 556

If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours

SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

When you dial you just activate the file number, live lines and European Specials

SEX PHONE CLASSIFIEDS

CLASSIFIED CLUB

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Feeling Very Horny	0898 100 432 (E)
Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
Very Experienced At 50	0898 300 816 (B)
My Mouth Is Ready	0898 100 487 (A)
Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

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Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

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Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk 0898 300 820 (A)
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

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XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

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(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

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(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
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Linzi

Photographs by Scott Evans

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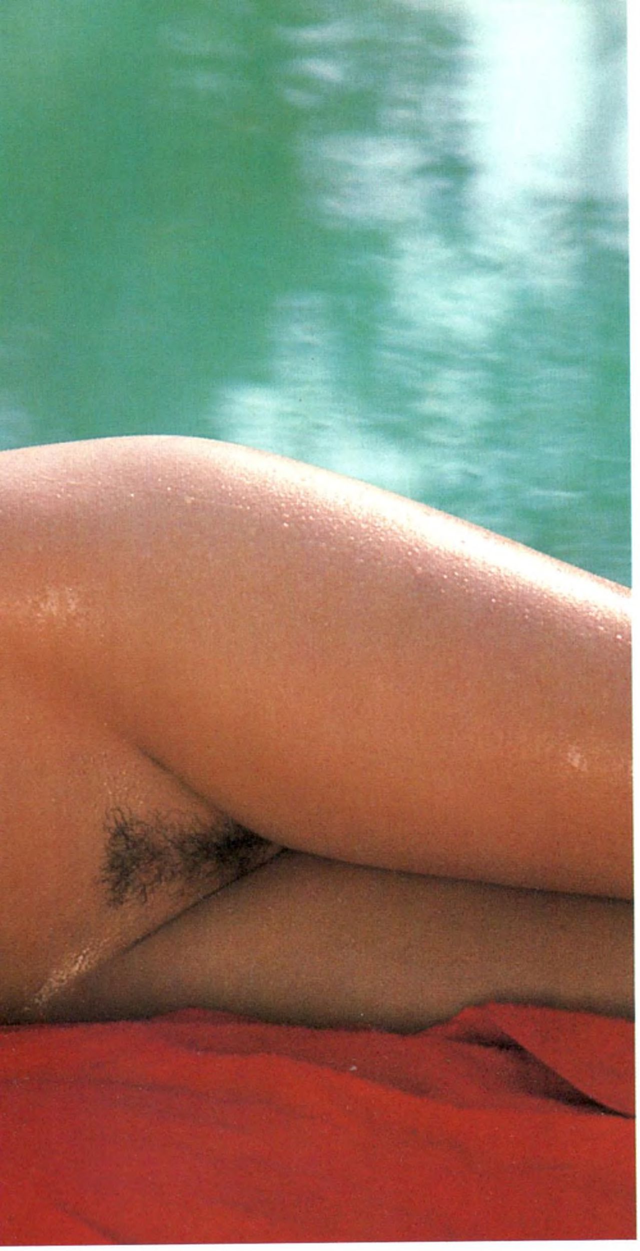

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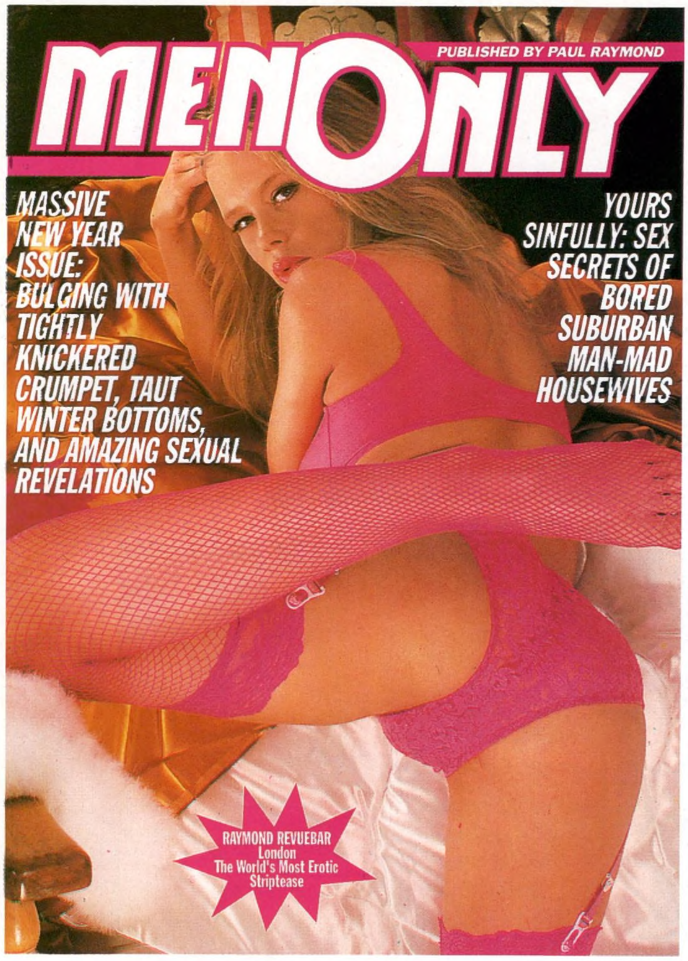
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16— PHOTO PROCESS

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13— SERVICES

RENT-A-MAIL box, 114 Burley Rd., Leeds LS3 1JP Leeds 435765.

17— PERSONAL SERVICES

RANDY convent educated nympho, just 18, dark hair, top heavy (38") wants sex all the time. Phone Mary on 0338 403 706.

DRESSED like a tart no man can resist me. 0836 403 707.

MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0836 403 708 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just call 0836 403 709. I need to talk dirty.

LONELY girl, 23, brunette, brown eyes, good looking, average height, seeks man for a relationship. Willing to please the right man. Please phone Mr on 0836 403 710.

BIG lady, into black leather, etc, wants man to dominate. Dial immediately on 0338 403 711.

ORAL satisfaction, anytime, anywhere. 0338 403 712.

TWO horny young girls love to model naughty underwear, lingerie lovers dial 0338 403 713 and join us in some steamy action.

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FEMALE sales rep travelling through England seeks men for evening pleasures. Dial 0338 403 715.

INDIAN girl seeks steamy affair. Married so must be discreet. 0338 403 716.

HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0338 403 717.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0338 403 718.

GYM teacher will order you to bend down for a severe thrashing if you do not do exactly as you are told. 0338 403 719.

DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0338 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0338 403 721.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0338 403 722.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0338 403 723.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breaks like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0338 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0338 403 725.

GIRL good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0338 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0338 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0338 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0338 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0338 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to act out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0338 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0338 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdos. I want to try everything. Phone 0338 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0338 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0338 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only, phone 0338 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29(, understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0338 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0338 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0338 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0338 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them, if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only 0338 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0338 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytime on 0338 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex and mutual satisfaction. Ring 0338 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bisexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0338 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0338 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0338 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0338 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0338 403 749.

Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 36p per min. cheap. 48p per min. other times.

SHANINE

Photographs by Jack Harrison

It's a mere six months since we brought you sexy Shanine's first ever nude modelling session – and we can hardly believe she's the same girl. Not that her smooth, kissable bottom and lovely boobs have changed – you can't improve on perfection – but our shy little 18-year-old has turned into a bit of a man-eater!

"I know getting so many dirty letters from you lot hasn't gone to my head," she purrs, "but it's definitely gone to another part of my body! Only last night I was in a club with my friends and these two guys started chatting me up. They said they both fancied me, and I'd have to choose one of them. I couldn't decide, so I had them both! I would never have dared do that six months ago..."♣

COMING IN club

IT'S A BLIND-ER

Lovely Clarissa has got her knickers in a twist and is just *pining* to get a load off her chest, too – and that's just for starters! So, shall we tell you what this delicious dish gives you for a main course? Shall we reveal what Clarissa reveals? Do we let on what she lets down (and, no, it's not just her hair)? Well in the true tradition of us wild-eyed, power-crazed Clubbies – no, we won't. It's our ball. You'll just have to get next month's bum-packed, fanny-filled, sex-stacked edition instead! Hahahaaa!!! Oh, we love it...♣

Volume 22 Number 2
On sale January 28

IN THE BAG

continued from page 31

knew I'd like to fuck his wife, but I'd never be able to. I, of course, agreed. Oh, if only I could tell him! — *John, Hereford*

Fumbling in the dark!

My name is Leona. I'm 25 and I consider myself to be an attractive brunette, with an active social life.

One night I went out on the town with two girls, Sue and Barbara, to a wine bar, when we were approached by three men. One of them was beautiful: tall, blond and built like an athlete.

Sue introduced him as her boyfriend, Eric who then introduced the other two guys, Mike and John. They were both very nice, but I was still getting wet just looking at Eric.

This situation continued for a couple of weeks, and I began to think that I would never get my hands on Eric. Then one day, Sue announced her birthday was coming up and that she was going to have a party, and invited me along.

Then Sue added, "By the way, you'd better be ready for anything!"

The day came, and when I went round to Sue's, the party was in full swing. But, I noticed that nothing out of the ordinary was happening. Eventually, Sue came up to me.

"Are you girls ready for a good time?" she grinned. Both Barbara and I were drunk by this time and we just about managed to giggle a "Yes!"

The guys, Eric, John and Mike, suddenly went quiet and I realised that they were in on all this too.

"Well, it's simple. Each of us girls goes into a bedroom, takes off our clothes and gets fucked by one of the guys. But the trick is," Sue paused, "that we each have to do it in the dark!

"The bedrooms are upstairs, so if you boys give us five minutes, we'll go and get ready."

I bounded up the stairs after Sue, who said that I could take the first bedroom. I went in and undressed right down to my red bra and panties.

Then I switched the light off, lay on the bed and waited, hoping that Eric was going to come to my room.

I didn't have to wait long when I heard the bedroom door open. I sat up and I had to control the urge to put the bedside lamp on.

"Who's there?" I asked, giggling. I heard some shuffling and then the sounds of a zip being undone...

Next thing I knew, firm hands were cupping my breasts. I reached out with both hands and found myself touching a hairy chest. I felt down lower and took hold of the biggest prick I'd ever felt in my life!

I rubbed my hands up and down the throbbing shaft. The guy let out a moan and began breathing heavily. I felt his hands undo my bra, then push me back onto the bed and lie on top of me, planting kisses on my neck and tits.

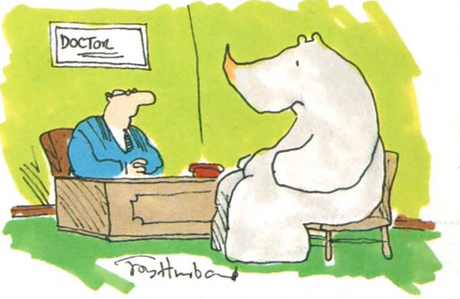
As he teased my nipples with his tongue, I felt a finger slide under my panties and circle my lovehole.

Next, it was my turn to let out a moan as he slid his finger into my cunny and worked it around. My love juices streamed over his finger as mini-orgasms tickled through my body. Then the guy got off me and I felt my panties being rolled down my legs. By now I was dying to get that cock in me!

"I don't care who you are," I panted. "Just put it in me. Please!"

There was a pause in which I almost burst with frustration. Then I felt my legs being parted, and gasped as his cock slid into my cunny, filling me up right to my stomach! Then he started plunging into me with deep strokes. The way it filled up my pussy was too much and I came like an Inter-city 125!

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



"Seems we have a little weight problem."

Contractions racked through my cunt as my fingers dug into my lover's buttocks as he pumped up and down into me. At this, I could feel his muscles tense up and I knew he was on the verge of coming himself.

"Give it to me — give me all you've got!" I urged him as his strokes became faster and I clung on to his bum!

I was out of control by now and having the fucking of my life! With me shouting, the guy couldn't hold back any longer and soon his strokes became wild, twitching movements and I felt his body shudder as he shot his hot load all the way up into me.

After what seemed an age, my lover pulled his hard cock out of me and moved up off the bed. With a flick of the switch the blazing lights came on, and I looked up to see the face of Mike smiling back at me. Now surprises like that I can handle!

All I can say in ending this story is that I've since enjoyed the pleasure of Mike's party trick many times, but with the lights on!— *Leona, Oxford* ♣

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IN BLACK STOCKINGS

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Rip my knickers off now! 0898 224 388
Let me flash my knickers 0898 224 358
Hands down for a good feel 0898 224 365
Let Auntie tease you off! 0898 224 366
Auntie pulls her skirt up 0898 224 368
I love to expose myself 0898 224 376
Desperate Sarah can't get enough 0898 224 378
Housewife needs a hand 0898 224 383

I'LL STRIP SLOWLY AS YOU WATCH	MINE'S COOL AND CLEAN SHAVEN	FRUSTRATED WIFE - READY FOR YOU
0898 224 354	0898 224 375	0898 224 377

Paula's pussy

LOVES HER HAND LISTEN TO HER DO IT ON 0898 224 363

MY LIPS TO YOUR THROBBER

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Let me flash my knickers 0898 224 358
I want you - anytime anyplace 0898 224 371

I'M 18, BLONDE & I NEED IT NOW!! Please call me on 0898 224 373

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LUCKY LICKER 0898 224 357		TONGUE TIED PLEASURE 0898 224 352		JANE JACKS HERSELF 0898 224 393
LES DO IT! 0898 224 392		FEEL MY HEAVY CHEST 0898 224 359		I'M A TOPLESS TEASER 0898 224 386
BIG, BUSTY & BLONDE 0898 224 356		PANTY PEELER WANTED 0898 224 369		BIG BOOBED BETTY 0898 224 389

I LOVE TO LICK!	LISTEN TO ME LOVE MYSELF	DRESS UP WITH ME...	2 BLONDES TOGETHER!
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DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 300 840

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way.
Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

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If you want some other 0898 numbers to dial our girls can give you some and they are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times. Freechat, 56 Waterloo St., Leeds LS1 2EE.